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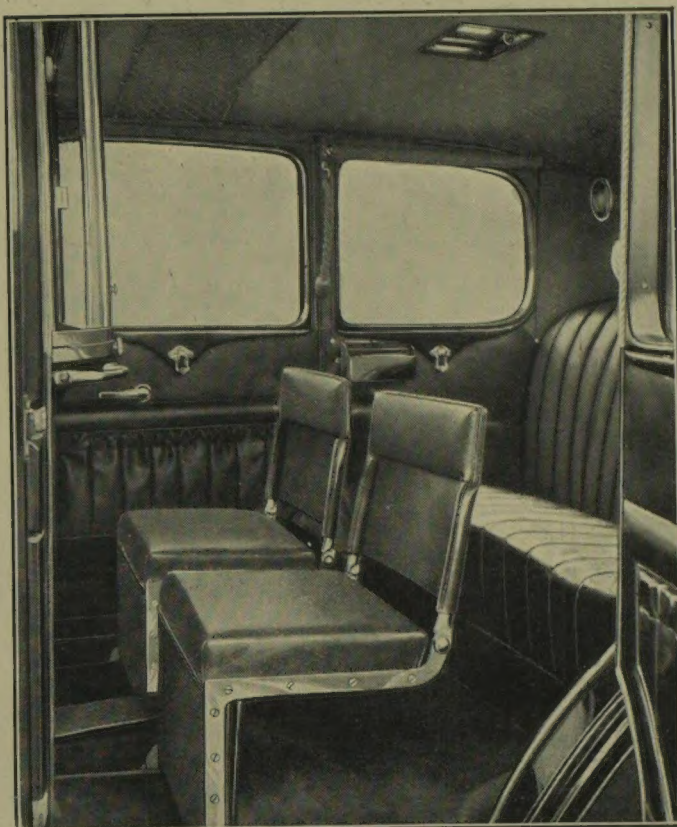
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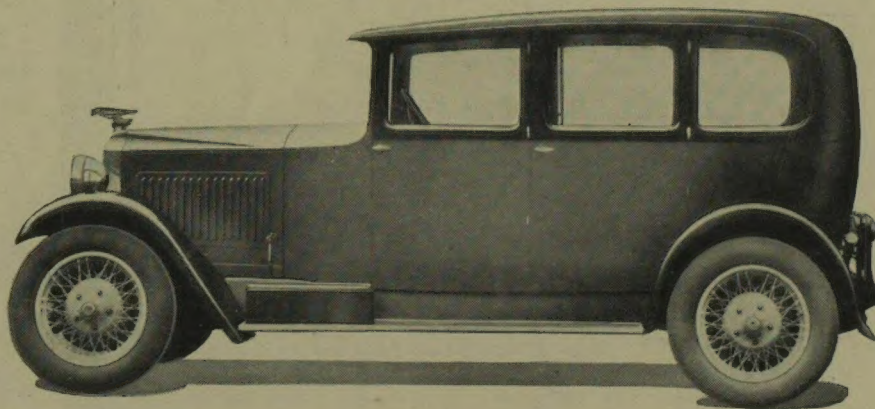
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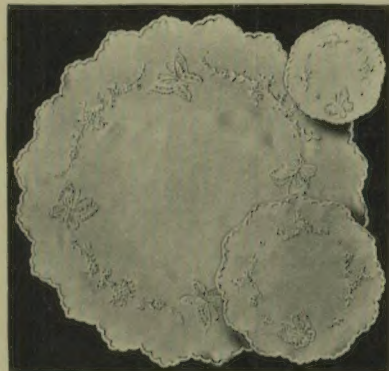
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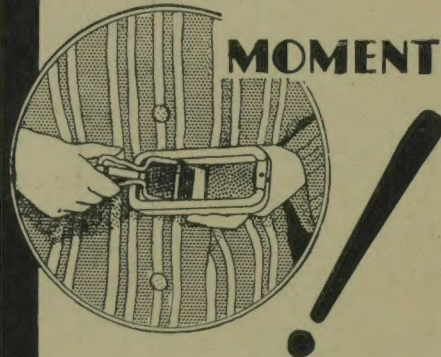
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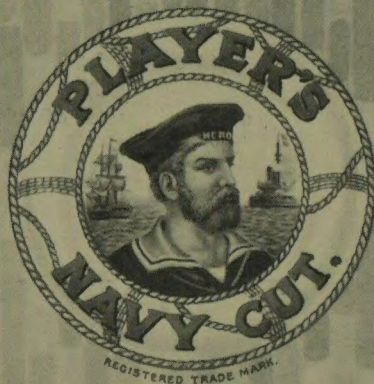
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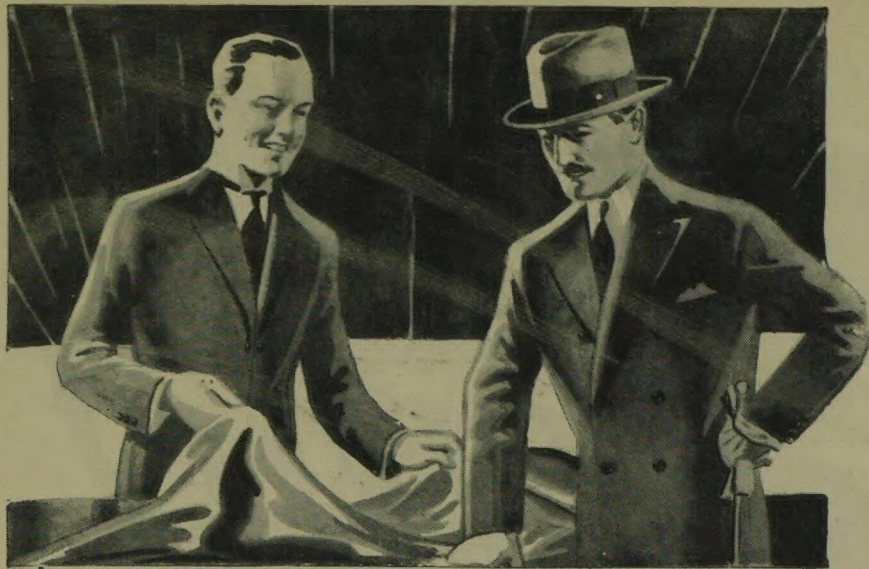
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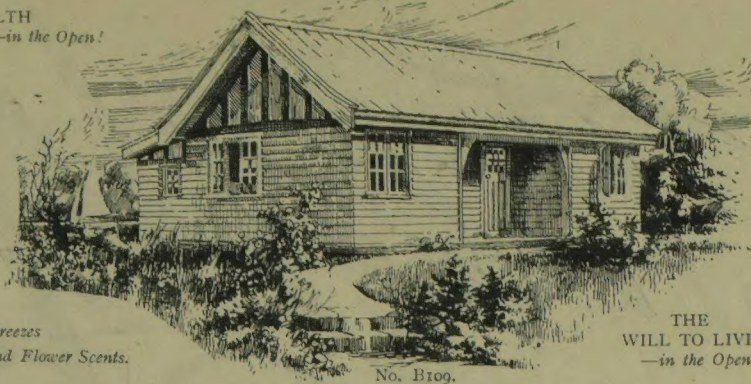
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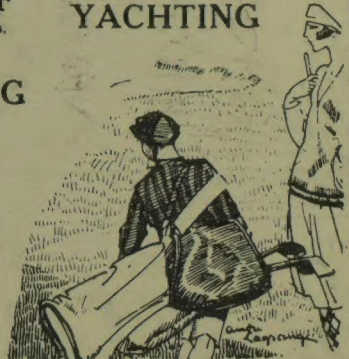
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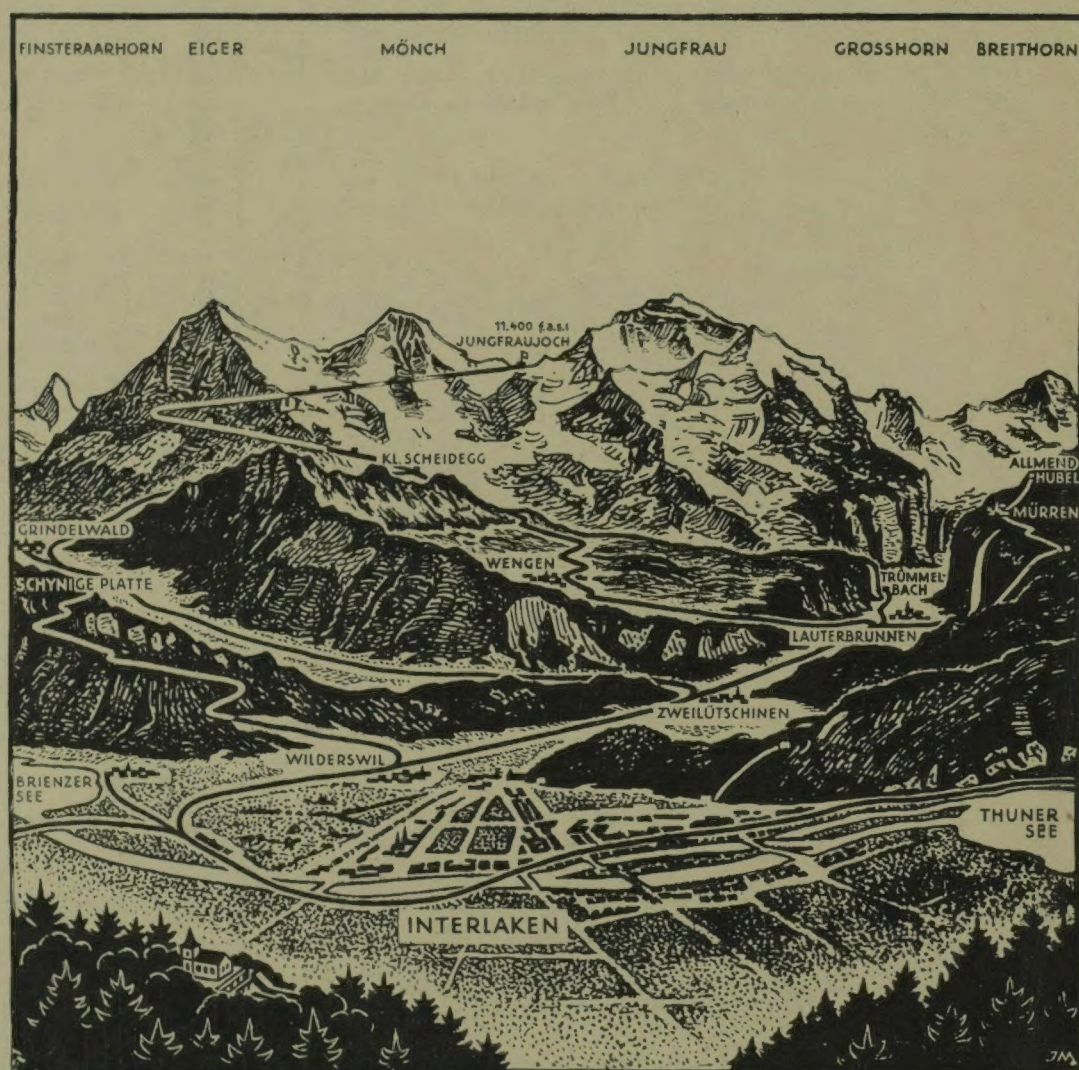
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1929.

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A CHARMING VISITOR TO THIS COUNTRY: H.R.H. PRINCESS INGRID OF SWEDEN.

Princess Ingrid, who is on a visit to this country, is the only daughter of the Crown Prince of Sweden, and a granddaughter of the King of Sweden and of the Duke of Connaught. She was born on March 26, 1910. Her mother, who was Princess Margaret of Connaught, died in May, 1920. Her education, which was superintended by Queen Mary, has been essentially practical, and she has

considerable knowledge of domestic science; but she is also keenly interested in art and in literature. Needless to say, she speaks English perfectly. A number of parties are being given for her, and, unless arrangements are changed, there will be a Ball at the Swedish Legation on June 14. Her father arrived in London on May 15.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAD hidden in my heart the dark hope of continuing to write here for the next few months without writing about the General Election. Whether I shall succeed in this course of abstinence and virtue remains to be seen. But it is just possible that there may be some paradoxical and pragmatical people who do not even see that my conduct is virtuous, or that such abstinence is a virtue. Why, they will ask, boast of your shameless indifference to citizenship? I do not think that I am indifferent to citizenship; but, when people mention it to me, I feel inclined to ask them what it is. Socrates, if I may make so modest a comparison, would have done exactly the same. It is true that Socrates was killed; and that may be a warning, but it is not necessarily an answer.

For instance, all the papers and platforms and political lobbies seem to be filled with nothing but women; not so much as if the recent law had enfranchised females as if it had disfranchised males. As a typical product of progress and the advance of the world, the whole of the old eighteenth-century fashion of paying flowery compliments to ladies, on all ceremonial occasions, has come back as a part of political etiquette. The very latest and loudest demagogue is now talking about Wooman, lovely Wooman, with all the antique elegance of Mr. Turveydrop. The poor old electioneering hack of the Party System is pledging the Sex, with all the convivial courtesy of Sir Harry Bumper (with song). Well, I am myself sufficiently fossilised in those ancient forms to have always believed in the general tradition of chivalry; and good things can sometimes come back by strange roads and at unexpected moments. But among the professional politicians who are now bowing and scraping before the Woman Voter, there are many who originally denied that the woman ought to vote at all. They have changed their opinion; or at any rate they have changed their behaviour; and I wish we could always be certain that the two things were the same. But I have never altered, just as I have never disguised, the opinion that I held when the Suffragettes were first storming at our gates long ago. I said then, and I say now, that it would be far better for anybody, instead of bellowing for a Vote, to ask themselves in the abstract what a Vote is. I would especially recommend them to ask themselves in the concrete what a Vote has become. The Suffragettes refused to do that, and I do not imagine that the Voting Flappers will consent to do it. Why, indeed, it may be said, should women trouble to do it, when men do not trouble to do it either? So that we have the last logical crown and conclusion of the long process of Woman condescending to be merely the ape of Man. First she demands to have what he has, merely because he has it, and not because it is worth having. And then she takes it for granted because he takes it for granted; and does it thoughtlessly, in order to be as thoughtless as he is.

But meanwhile, something much more disturbing has happened since the time of the Suffragettes. I would not take on myself an attitude even more likely to lead to my immediate murder than the attitude of Socrates; I mean the attitude of saying: "I told you so." But it is true that the thing I feared is exactly the thing that I have lived to see. The effect of demanding the Vote, pursuing the Vote, shouting and yelling for the Vote, but never pausing in any real sense to think about the Vote, has been that the Vote is in fact much less thought of. It has

depreciated, not by definition, but in that atmospheric universal way that defies even description. Many people in Europe and not a few people even in England, have for the first time envisaged the idea that representative institutions may not only decay, but disappear. I do not say that I agree with this; on the whole, I do not. I think it doubtful even in Europe, and still more doubtful in England. But the point

simply assumed the value of the Suffrage, the later reactionaries of Europe found it all the easier to deny that it had ever had any value at all. They found it easy, precisely because she had rested on an assumption and not an argument. That she did not (in one sense) rest on it very quietly made no difference to the argumentative aspect. That she jumped about on her assumption, leapt and capered on her assumption, danced a war-dance and shouted a war-cry as she did it, did not stop the reaction. Fascists, as well as Suffragettes, can shout and jump about.

Now I think, as I have always thought, that the only salvation for our civilisation is going back; not so much going back to former conditions as going back to first principles. If we really hold to Democracy, let us hold it; but as a creed, not as a catchword. Let us face the fact that it does mean the equality of the citizens. Let us face the doctrine, if we do hold it, that it does involve the equality of the sexes. Let us have Female Suffrage, if we think it really follows from those two doctrines, and we really believe those two doctrines. But let us, at the same time and by the same act, ask ourselves how far our precious Vote has made the citizens equal, or how we are going to make it do so. Let us cross-examine ourselves, as if preparing for a confessional, about exactly how much there is of anything worth calling Democracy in the welter of wealth and poverty and wage-slavery and world-wide worship of millionaires, that goes to make up the fashion and public opinion of our time. Let the Democrat criticise Democracy and save it, before the Fascist shall criticise it and destroy it. Let him try to make the economic facts of life correspond a little more to the political theories of liberty. Let him try to make the citizens

equal as peasants are equal; by having the same sort of holding on the land and the same sort of hold on the law. Let him see, not merely that all householders have votes, but that all voters have houses. Let him, in short, do everything that the old Victorian Liberals ought to have done and did not do; and everything that the Suffragettes might have done and never thought of doing. Let us abandon this mechanical trick of treating the Vote as if it were a dead, detached object, to be thrown by the constitution to the man, and by the man to the woman, and by the woman, for all I know, to the cat. Let us do what I long ago advised my Suffragette friends to do, much to their disdain and disgust, and begin at the beginning. I suggested that they should not so much ask "Why shouldn't a woman have a vote?" as "Why should a man have a vote?" If they had locked themselves up for forty days and come out with an answer to that question, they would have come out Citizens; they would have come out Democrats. And Representative Government might have been saved.

Since then, as I say, it has been attacked on fundamental grounds; on exactly the fundamental grounds on which the demagogues refused to defend it. They went on shouting about the People's Will and the People's Parliament, because they had confidence in it as a catchword of the hour. But the confidence was a confidence trick; and certain men (especially certain rude Italians, very offensive foreigners) suddenly started up in the street and faced the confidence men and called their bluff. They said in effect (did the offensive foreigners): "You say the people loved you and elected you; let us see if they love you enough to fight for you." Since then, I am sorry to say, there has been a slump in Votes; and it will be hard to disguise it even in the General Election.



A LOUIS XVI. CLOCK (20½ IN. HIGH) BY LE PAUTE; WITH AN ORMOLU CASE AND HORIZONTAL REVOLVING DIALS; FLANKED BY A PAIR OF LOUIS XVI. ORMOLU CANDELABRA (15½ IN. HIGH).



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AN ITEM IN A SUITE OF LOUIS XVI. FURNITURE COVERED IN AUBUSSON TAPESTRY: ONE OF A SET OF EIGHT FAUTEUILS.

A RUSSIAN ROYAL ART COLLECTION, CONFISCATED BY THE SOVIET, COMING UNDER THE HAMMER IN LONDON: PRINCESS PALEY'S TREASURES.

Exceptional interest attaches to the forthcoming sale at Christie's, on June 6 and 7, of the collection of French furniture and objects of art formed by Princess Paley (widow of the Grand Duke Paul of Russia, uncle of the late Tsar), and removed from the Paley Palace at Tsarskoye Selo. Last December the Princess made a claim in the English Courts for this property, as having been confiscated by the Bolsheviks, but judgment was given against her and in favour of a syndicate that bought the goods (for £48,000) from the Leningrad Costorg, a sales agency for the Russian Government. An arrangement, however, has since been arrived at, and in a letter to the syndicate Princess Paley writes: "Under certain conditions . . . agreed between us, I now withdraw all opposition to the disposal of the Collection." The same agreement applies to a later sale, to be held at Christie's on June 14, of engravings, drawings, and pictures in the same collection.—[By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.]

is that, because the friends of the Vote refused even to doubt, there have arisen enemies of the Vote who do not hesitate to deny. Because the Suffragette

BEAUTIFIED BY LOANS FROM KING ALFONSO: THE NEW SPANISH EMBASSY.



SEATED IN A ROOM THAT IS A REPLICA OF ONE AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: MME. DE MERRY DEL VAL IN HER BOUDOIR.



AN END OF THE GOYA BALL-ROOM—WITH WORKS BY PUPILS OF THE GREAT SPANISH PAINTER.



SEATED IN HIS OWN OAK-PANELLED ROOM AT THE NEW EMBASSY, IN BELGRAVE SQUARE: HIS EXCELLENCY THE SPANISH AMBASSADOR.

The new Spanish Embassy at 24, Belgrave Square, into the occupation of which his Excellency the Spanish Ambassador and Mme. de Merry del Val have just passed, is one of the great mansions of London; and it has now gained much in adornment. King Alfonso has lent nine splendid tapestries for its embellishment; and in the Adam ball-room there have been placed a number of very interesting works by pupils of Goya, which, until recently, were stored in Madrid. In the Spanish room, which

has been furnished with Iberian antiques, to say nothing of certain of the royal tapestries already mentioned, is a mantelpiece in the Renaissance style, designed by the Ambassador himself; and his Excellency is also to be credited with the gilt lanterns, surmounted by Spanish royal crowns of the seventeenth century, which hang in the hall. The place as a whole is so big that it is easy to entertain eight hundred people on the ground floor alone. The dining-room will seat fifty.



THE GOYA BALL-ROOM: A FINE ADAM APARTMENT; WITH WORKS BY PUPILS OF THE GREAT SPANISH ARTIST, WHICH WERE FORMERLY STORED IN MADRID.



ENLARGED TO SEAT FIFTY AND ADORNED WITH TAPESTRIES LENT BY KING ALFONSO: THE STATE DINING-ROOM, FROM WHICH THE SPANISH GARDEN CAN BE SEEN.



THE MORE DOMESTIC SIDE OF THE NEW SPANISH EMBASSY: A PART OF THE PRIVATE DRAWING-ROOM IN THE NEW LONDON HOME OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE SPANISH AMBASSADOR AND MME. DE MERRY DEL VAL.



FURNISHED WITH IBERIAN ANTIQUES AND HAVING (ON THE RIGHT) A FIREPLACE IN THE RENAISSANCE MANNER DESIGNED BY THE AMBASSADOR: IN THE SPANISH DRAWING-ROOM.

PREHISTORIC PERSIA.

I.—A NEOLITHIC SETTLEMENT AT PERSEPOLIS—REMARKABLE NEW DISCOVERIES.

By Professor ERNST HERZFELD, the Well-known German Archaeologist. (See Illustrations on the Opposite Page.)

The following article is the first of a new series of three in which Professor Herzfeld, a leading authority on the antiquities of Persia, has dealt with the subject of Prehistoric Iran. This article concerns the relations between the Neolithic settlements of inner Iran and the oldest civilisations of Elam (Susa I.) and Sumer (Ur and Kish). The second article (to appear later) will describe Early Bronze Age settlements near Nihawand, and the third (to follow in a subsequent number) will be devoted to the Stone and Bronze Age in Northern Iran. As noted on the opposite page, a previous series of articles by Professor Herzfeld, on *The Past in Persia*, appeared in these pages during 1927-8.

ABOUT twenty years ago, the French Mission to Persia had discovered at Susa the remains of the earliest Neolithic Elamite civilisation, called Susa I., the main feature of which

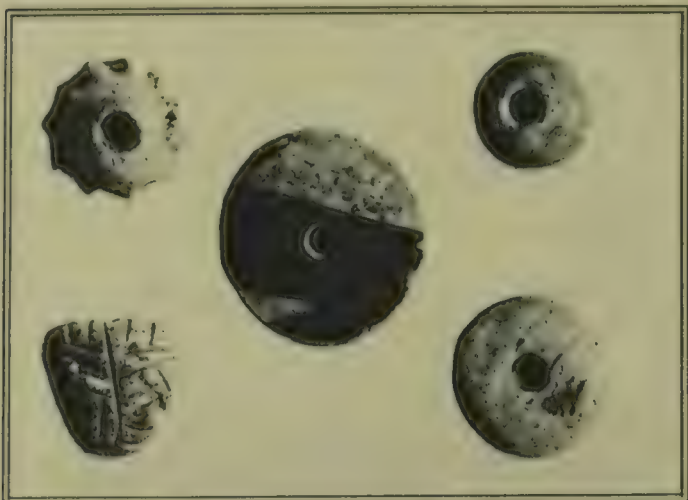


FIG. 2. THE SIMPLICITY OF STONE AGE FUNERARY ORNAMENTS IN PERSIA: ROUND-CUT POTSDERDS, OF WHICH NO TOMB WAS FOUND TO CONTAIN MORE THAN ONE.

was a painted pottery surpassing, in age and artistic value, anything so far discovered in Egypt, Babylonia, Mesopotamia, or Asia Minor. A whole literature sprang up about that discovery, which remained for a long time rather an isolated fact. Only the astonishing results of the recent excavations at al-Ubaid, Ur, Kish, and Tamdat Nasr may compete with, and have partly overshadowed, the scientific importance of that earlier discovery. Thus we face, at present, the fact that, in two regions as close to each other as the lands of Sumer and Elam, not separated by any natural frontier, at exactly the same period, two civilisations, different in many respects, but in nothing so much as in their pottery, existed side by side. It seems extremely difficult to accept as a historic fact that both these civilisations originated in the localities where they have been discovered, and my latest finds in Iran afford a different solution of this riddle.

Remains of the prehistoric period, before or shortly after 3000 B.C., are more common on the whole Iranian tableland than anywhere else in the East. At Dāmghān, east of Teheran, the ancient Hecatompylos, and at Persepolis, in Fārs, I found several settlements that must be attributed to the late Stone Age—that is, to a higher antiquity than even the oldest strata of Elam and Sumer so far known.

All the implements are of flint or stone; the use of metal is still unknown. The shapes of the flints (Figs. 1 and 3) are rather archaic, as sometimes occurs

at the moment before the appearance of metal. Even the ornaments are all of stone or clay. Not more than one simple ornament is found in one tomb; frequently they are but round-cut potsherds (Fig. 2).



FIG. 1 USED BEFORE METAL WAS KNOWN IN PERSIA: STONE AGE FLINT IMPLEMENTS

A horn-shaped instrument of baked clay, common among the earliest strata of Elam and Sumer, may have been used to protect the left hand when mowing corn (Fig. 4); below it some sling-stones are shown, but no other traces of weapons have been found. Some rare stone vases (Fig. 5), one of alabaster, the other one possibly of obsidian, resemble in shape the most primitive stone vessels of Egypt and Sumer.

Together with these most humble and unassuming relics of a primitive civilisation, a painted pottery of unexpected perfection and great artistic merit has been discovered. This pottery is "hand-turned" or simply kneaded by hand, made of the purest soft clay, and burnt at a low temperature; the walls even

of very large vessels are as thin as an ostrich-egg—all characteristics which this pottery shares with Susa I. But many pieces show traces of repairing, and they have, therefore, been in actual use—a circumstance which forbids us to call this pottery, as that of Susa has been called, "funerary pottery." There are more than twenty different shapes of vases, a



FIG. 4. INCLUDING SLING-STONES AND A HORN-SHAPED IMPLEMENT OF BAKED CLAY, POSSIBLY USED TO PROTECT THE LEFT HAND WHEN MOWING CORN: INTERESTING RELICS OF PREHISTORIC PERSIA.

number exceeding that of almost every other prehistoric pottery. Some of the shapes are similar to those of Susa. Hence, ware, technique, and shape show distinct marks of relationship, and the direction of the development is that from the greater variety to a classical selection.

The ornamental designs have but few features in common. Fig. 6,

a vase over ten inches high and of equal width, not over 1-8 inch thick, with a foot too small to provide a safe standing, has a yellowish slip and dark brown design which recalls certain designs from Susa or from Samarra in Iraq; Fig. 7, of a similar shape—the foot is broken—shows one of the normal designs—a group, several times repeated, of six elements, triangles or rhombs with curved sides, connected with each other in an intricate way. Exactly the same combination is found in vessels of different shape (e.g., Fig. 8), and also in the interior of cups, without the slightest alteration—a fact clearly revealing the symbolic character of the design.

Another typical design is a zigzag band crossed by the letter Zeta. The point where both cross each other is always left blank, and small dots accompany the arms of the Z. This is no mere geometric, but a symbolic design. A motif which is at the bottom of many intricate designs is, in its simplest form, an ascending row of triangles of unequal sides, touching each other at one point; the uppermost triangle is always halved.

The cup in Fig. 9, has four of these triangles, to which are attached, above and below, two scales or halves of a battlement, and also something like a



FIG. 3. RELICS OF THE STONE AGE IN PERSIA: FLINTS OF A SOMEWHAT ARCHAIC TYPE.

palm-branch, but more probably intended to represent the antler of a stag. For it appears sometimes symmetrically doubled and is a common feature in Susa I. The same group of four triangles we see in Fig. 10, to which are added meandrine elements ending in a kind of hand or paw with five fingers.

There is a class of designs in which the geometrical character seems to be more pronounced—e.g., Figs. 11 and 12. But there, too, the symbolic triangles constitute the main element of the design. In Fig. 11 we remark a combination of four rectangular triangles of cross-like effect, and also oblong frames, subdivided by groups of triangles, a combination that links our pottery with the Stone Age pottery recently

(Continued on page 11.)



FIG. 5. RESEMBLING THE MOST PRIMITIVE STONE VESSELS OF EGYPT AND SUMER: RARE STONE VASES OF ALABASTER AND (POSSIBLY) OF OBSIDIAN, FROM A PREHISTORIC SETTLEMENT IN PERSIA.

NEW LIGHT ON THE SEQUENCE OF ASIATIC CULTURES: EVIDENCE FROM PERSIAN POTTERY.



FIG. 6. RECALLING DESIGNS FROM SUSA OR SAMARRA: A VASE WITH YELLOWISH SLIP AND DARK-BROWN DESIGN (OVER 10 IN. HIGH).

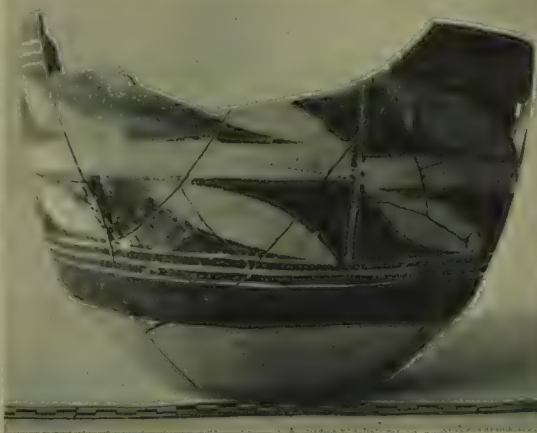


FIG. 7. ONE OF THE NORMAL DESIGNS: A GROUP, REPEATED, OF SIX ELEMENTS—TRIANGLES OR RHOMBS WITH CURVED SIDES.



FIG. 8. EVIDENCE THAT THIS DESIGN IS SYMBOLIC: THE SAME PATTERN AS SEEN IN FIG. 7 ON A VESSEL OF DIFFERENT SHAPE.



FIG. 9. INCLUDING A COMB-LIKE OBJECT REPRESENTING PERHAPS STAG'S ANTLERS—A COMMON FEATURE IN SUSA I. POTTERY: A PERSIAN CUP.



FIG. 10. A DESIGN WITH FOUR TRIANGLES AS IN FIG. 9, WITH MEANDRINE ELEMENTS ENDING IN A FIVE-FINGERED HAND.



FIG. 11. A LINK WITH STONE AGE POTTERY RECENTLY FOUND IN HONAN, CHINA: A DESIGN INCLUDING A CROSS-LIKE COMBINATION OF FOUR TRIANGLES.



FIG. 12. WITH SYMBOLIC TRIANGLES RECALLING A SWASTIKA: A DESIGN WITH A MORE PRO-
NOUNCED GEOMETRICAL CHARACTER.

In his article on the opposite page (containing numbered references to the photographs given there and above), Professor Herzfeld elaborates a very interesting new theory to explain certain puzzling facts in the archæology of Asia. "In two regions (he says) as close to each other as the lands of Sumer and Elam, not separated by any

(Continued below.)

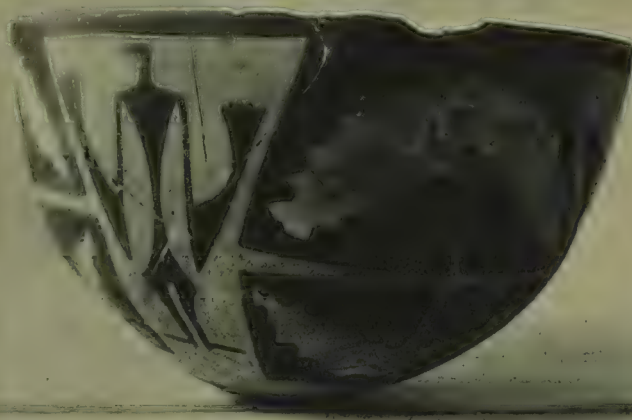


FIG. 13. THE STRONGEST EVIDENCE OF A MAGICAL SIGNIFICANCE IN THE POTTERY DESIGNS: A BOWL WITH THREE DEMONS (ONE HERE VISIBLE) WITH HUMAN BODY, BIRD-LIKE HEAD, AND RAISED ARMS.



FIG. 14. PROTOTYPES OF SUMERIAN AND ELAMITE EMBLEMS: EAGLES ON A PERSIAN GOBLET.

Continued.] natural frontier, two civilisations different in many respects, but in nothing so much as in their pottery, existed side by side." It is difficult to believe, he points out, that two such different cultures originated in the lands where their remains have been found contiguous. His latest discoveries in Iran (Persia), he considers, afford a solution of the problem. These discoveries, represented by the examples of pottery here illustrated, were made at Damghan, east of Teheran, the ancient Hecatompylos, and at Persepolis in Fars, on the sites of prehistoric settlements dating from the later Stone Age and older than the earliest-known strata of Elam and Sumer.

His conclusion is that the Neolithic civilisation of Persepolis is the prototype and source of the first civilisation of Susa. The earliest culture of Elam, therefore, did not originate in that land, but on the Iranian plateau, and was already in an advanced stage of development when it was brought to Susa. The Neolithic civilisation of Iran is earlier, he considers, than anything so far known in the Near East. We may recall that Professor Herzfeld contributed a series of four articles on "The Past in Persia" to our issues of November 19 and December 24, 1927, and February 11 and August 18 last year.

ANNE—THE INTERRUPTION.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"ANNE STUART, QUEEN OF ENGLAND": By BEATRICE CURTIS BROWN.*

(PUBLISHED BY GEOFFREY BLES.)

THE author of "Anne Stuart" is frank about her methods. "I have tried here," she says, "to render comprehensible some of the Inarticulates of this world by setting down my own reading of that Queen of Inarticulates—Anne Stuart. By 'inarticulate' I mean, of course, not merely inadequate in speech, but also in action, in personal relations, in manner, an inarticulate person being one who has never learned to express himself worthily on any plane of living."

"Although I have founded my conception of Anne entirely on her recorded sayings, writings, and actions, I

of the martyrs under Mary Tudor, the sufferings of the sad-eyed Huguenot exiles with their bundles and their little ones, now roaming the streets of English cities), flamed up in her heart and burnt like one of the great wax tapers in Westminster Abbey. At the thought of harm to this faith her muscles stiffened, she felt herself becoming allied, mutely, to a great nation of people waiting, staunchly, to resist and die." Hence a half-approach to persuade her father; hence her conspiracy with the party of action that brought William, her brother-in-law, to England and sent James to exile in France; hence her supreme strength—her conviction that she was an Institution, the recognised defender of the Church.

At other times she was not so altruistic. Covetous of circumstance; suspicious as to her half-brother and inclined to lend eager ear to the story that he had been slipped into the Queen's bed in a warming-pan—his rival and then a tepid advocate of him as her successor; jealous of her sister Mary; bickering with the autocratic termagant-Duchess as Mrs. Masham wheedled into her favour, she veered from quarter to quarter, the freest vane that ever fickle winds revolved.

Discontent and disappointment were hers all her hours.

As Princess, she was charmed by Mulgrave—and that gallant was ordered to the relief of Tangiers: "You must understand," said the admonitory Sarah, "you belong to too much—too much belongs to you. You forgot a little while how much you want these things—after the King, your father; after him, your sister; after her, you. Neither your sister nor your stepmother will ever bear a son now. I think you cannot forget you will be Queen of England."

As Princess, and with her own connivance, she saw William sail from Holland; and, with him, Mary shared the monarchy: "The crown he wore now was more truly hers than his. Yet even if Mary died she was to sit by and watch him rule her country. When he died—and when did these diseased little creatures die?—she would reign. What a position for a Stuart, in whom the divine flame of kingship burned unflinchingly, to watch the throne banded between foreigners!"

As Princess, she, the weary wife who had borne so many, lost her last child. The Duke of Gloucester fell sick and the Duke of Gloucester died. No more would he carry the burden of the big head that lolled on his slender neck; no more would he follow the hounds in his coach; no more would he battle with miniature pike and musket; no more would jewel and Garter be setting for his beauty; no more would he be fascinated by the way the Bishop, his tutor, smoked, the long stem of his pipe passed through a hole specially cut in the brim of his hat. "Anne rose from her chair by the bed and passed out of the room. She walked back quite slowly and erect from the chamber to which she had gone five days before, and still she did not tremble or cry out. Only her mouth twitched a little."

As Queen, she was crushed by the death of the one man who had given her husbandly love. George drew his final, groaning breath. "Anne sat by the bed comprehending that he was dead. Very fully she understood it. She wept and wrung her hands in sorrow for his death, in pity for him. . . . The Duchess knelt by her, beside the great canopied bed, under the candlelight. 'Will your Majesty please go to St. James's Palace?' . . . Anne woke from her trance. There was still the world; it continued and she could not slip from it. She would have to go back. The old grip of custom and ceremony was strong. she could not stay here by George. They would never allow it. There would be trouble. She roused herself."

Verily she was cradled to grief. And as consolation, what? A domesticity that was as citizenlike as any could desire and as simply happy, yet a domesticity of pangs and partings; pomp and a regal penury unrelieved by the chances of the basset table; the food she wished for and a surfeit of it if she would; tea to drink when the habit was looked at askance; a fitting wardrobe; adulation from place-seekers and adoration from those who had genuflected and gained; such pleasant titillations as result from the comforts of a Court. "The Queen of England was nearly dressed. The high panelled room was ringed round with ladies-in-waiting in attitudes of respectful attention. The Queen was about to don her head-dress. Mrs. Hill, her bedchamber lady, handed the fontange to the bedchamber woman, who stood by the Sovereign. This high three-tiered lace cap was placed on the Queen's head. There was a pause. The lady of the bedchamber received the fan from another attendant, passed it again to the woman of the bedchamber, who curtsied and offered it to the Queen. A page came forward with a basin and ewer and set it upon a side table. The woman of the bedchamber lifted the table and set it before the Queen; knelt down upon the other side and poured the water over the

Queen's hands. Queen Anne washed her hands with scented washballs and dried them on a linen napkin. The page of the backstairs came forward, knelt and put on her Majesty's shoes; it was a little difficult to slip them on easily. The Queen had gout, and her feet were no longer slender and narrow. Yet she smiled gently at the boy and he felt no embarrassment."

That was all.

"She was the Queen. "When she herself saw an ill to be remedied, or a good deed to do, she made her will known, and what little joy she had she found in doing these small acts of queenliness. Nearly all affairs of State were conducted by these old statesmen. They had advised her bounty to the Clergy, for instance; they had gently put before her this scheme for the union of Scotland. . . . There was so little for her to do. Those schemes they had talked of as girls, she and the Duchess, years back when her father was reigning, those splendid acts were strangely removed from the Sovereign's benevolent hands. Those deeds of mercy and justice by which her people were to know and bless her had shrunk—to what? To the reprieving of a couple of pitiful deserters; to a proclamation here and there for better conduct in the theatres; for the better lighting of streets."

"Such acts as these bore the imprint of the Sovereign's will; matters of war and peace, matters which drove the nation forward or held it back, were ruled by powers already provided in the hands of gentlemen already in place. There were those who understood these things. Anne, discovering this, felt relieved and chagrined."

She was naturally "inarticulate"; she was also "inarticulate" perforce. There were Churchills and Harleys and their kin. Perhaps it was not quite just to write: "The glories of her reign were not hers." She was the Queen; but "a secret was lost. Some magic which her uncle had known, her father had understood, of which even Dutch William had partaken, had not descended to her. The magic was lost to kings, dissipated among a multitude of men. Hanover might come, or Stuart, but the race of kings had died. She saw herself there, a small, stout figure, an old woman among a group of courteous, indifferent



QUEEN ANNE IN GIRLHOOD: "HER HIGHNESS THE LADY ANN."—AFTER THE PAINTING BY SIR PETER LEY. The inscription under the portrait is: "Her Highness the Lady Ann. P. Lely Pinxit. A. Blooteling fecit et excudit, 1678." Reproduced from "Anne Stuart, Queen of England," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Geoffrey Bles.

found it impossible to draw a fair picture of her unless her life were presented in a definite form, preferably narrative form, where every typical action would have its right place in the curve of the story. For this reason this life of Anne is presented as a story undisguisedly, and the gaps have been filled in from my own imagination; though I have never used imagination to establish an aspect of her character which I had not real reason to postulate from the historical evidence."

Confessedly, in fact, the portrait is arbitrary. Its background was less a matter of individual choice; and it is but roughed in. "The glories of her reign were not hers," it has been written. They were as substance to shadow. Therefore, the proud, homely, prejudiced woman who was the last of the Stuart sovereigns is staid and solitary on her panel—and pathetic: "your poor, faithful, unfortunate Mrs. Morley"; loving her stupid George, drunk or sober; bearing her dead and dying children; dominated, kindly, bemused, fearful, sulkily stubborn; staunch Protestant and terrorised Tory. She was a minor fixed star. About her were famous planets, brightest of them all the Churchills—the Mrs. Freeman who was "sentry at the door of her mind," and the victorious and acquisitive John, Duke of Marlborough.

The miracle is that she ever conjured up enough courage to act in obedience to her own will. Yet, fitfully, she did; for she had that sin by which the angels fell. But the motive was always strictly personal, and frequently religious. Notably, lethargy yielded to energy when there was anything to force the Papists to the front. When her father became King, the full significance of his beliefs thrust itself upon her and horrified her. "Like something coming to life within her, Anne's love for her own Church, for the rites of the English faith and all they implied (blood



ANNE AS QUEEN: A PORTRAIT "DONE AFTER THE LAST LARGE PICTURE IN ENAMILL FOR HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS."

The inscription under the portrait states that it was "Done after the last large Picture in Enamill for his Royal Highness by Mr. Charles Boit. (I. Simon fecit)"

Reproduced from "Anne Stuart, Queen of England," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Geoffrey Bles.

gentlemen, who held up their business till she had withdrawn from their company. She saw herself as they saw her—an interruption."

"Queen Anne's dead." She was the consort of James I. The Queen Anne was long one of the moribunds of History. She lives again—raised by a modern, Beatrice Curtis Brown!

E. H. G.

*"Anne Stuart, Queen of England." By Beatrice Curtis Brown, Author of "Elizabeth Chudleigh." (Geoffrey Bles; 20s. 6d. net.)

SCIENCE IN THE GENERAL ELECTION: WONDERS OF MODERN CANVASSING.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS. (COPYRIGHTED.)



RADIO; LOUD-SPEAKERS; TALKING FILMS; AIRCRAFT; MOTOR-BOATS: NEW AIDS TO THE DIFFUSION OF POLITICAL SPEECHES.

The extensive use of new scientific inventions makes the present contest unique in the annals of Parliamentary elections. Broadcasting and voice-amplification are being utilised by all three parties. The addresses already given through the B.B.C. have caused the voices of party leaders to be heard by hundreds of thousands of people for the first time, and have carried their arguments into homes both in the towns and in the most lonely spots in our islands. The "public-address" loud-speakers, which amplify the speaker's voice enormously, have made it possible for a politician to be clearly heard by a vast assembly of people, many of whom cannot even see him. Again, land lines joined to the microphone in some large city carry a speaker's voice and deliver it through

loud-speakers in a dozen surrounding towns. One party at least is making considerable use of the talking film, so that a leader's image and voice can be taken by the mobile cinema to the remotest hamlet. Aircraft this year play no mean part in the contest. Mr. Basil Murray, contesting Argyllshire for the Liberals, canvasses his constituents in lonely glens and mountain fastnesses by dropping leaflets from the air. Another candidate, Mr. H. R. Murray-Phillips, who is fighting Midlothian and Peebles for the Conservatives, uses his light aeroplane to cover the 600 square miles of his constituency. Motor-boats are pressed into service at the ports; whilst all over the country motor vehicles will be used as open-air platforms or to take electors to the poll.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

CONCERNING THE YAK, AND PROTECTIVE COLORATION.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

WHEN I learned that a yak had just been born at the "Zoo," I made up my mind to take the earliest opportunity to go and see it; for this was a chance not to be missed. And the journey proved well worth while. I went without any preconceived idea of what this youngster would look like; and this was as well, because, as a result, I had no mistaken forecasts to lament over. For, on thinking over the matter afterwards, I reminded myself that I should have been wrong as to its colour.

Theoretically it should have been of some shade of greyish brown, because young animals of all kinds commonly differ from their parents in colour whenever these have an intensified pigmentation: that is to say, when their melanin, or their lipochrome pigments, have become purified and intensified, so as to give rise to pure blacks, reds, or yellows, and so on; whereas, when the coloration of the adult is of some drab hue, then the coloration of both sexes will be the same at all ages. As a rule, it will be remembered, the male is the first to attain to splendour, leaving the older drab hues to be shared by the female and the young. Next the female assumes the higher grade of coloration, leaving the dull hues to the young. Cases of this kind can be cited by the score.

Young lions and pumas are spotted; the adults

under the broiling sun. Thus lighted, these boulders appear glistening white, with intensely black shadows. The tapirs, under these circumstances, look exactly like boulders, and so they contrive to sleep on un-

coloured like their parents. But wait a moment! These same youngsters were really also white; but this coat is shed just before birth, since it is of no use to them! Now turn to the pups of the sea-elephant.

These are born in inhospitable regions where there is but little sun. For their well-being it is necessary that they should be able to take the fullest advantage of what little there is, and so they are black!

Here, then, we may discover a clue to the inky-black colour of the newly-born yak. Born under the adverse conditions which prevail on the high tablelands of Tibet, it must make the most of the little sun there is. This accounts, too, for the intensely black colour of the adults. They also must find protection from the icy blasts which they have to face daily during the winter months, and this protection is afforded by the extremely long hairy coat, which, as is shown in Fig. 3, hangs like a curtain protecting both the legs and stomach, though here this protecting mantle has been somewhat reduced by the on-setting of the summer moult. The musk-ox, it will be remembered, develops a similar all-enveloping mantle, and for the same reason; for

it passes its whole life amid the snows within the Arctic Circle. The mammoth and the equally extinct "woolly rhinoceros" were similarly clad. Their relatives to-day, under kinder skies, are hairless.

And now, a word as to the affinities of the yak. Its nearest relations are probably the bison, from which it differs externally in the lower withers and in the larger and more outspread horns; also, of course, in the excessive development of the hair on the body and tail. When the skulls of the yak and the bison are compared (Figs. 1 and 2), it will be noted that the orbits, or eye-sockets, of the bison are much more tubular; that the crown rises in an arch above the bases of the horns; and that the nasal bones are longer. In the yak they are "lozenge-shaped." Though I have by no means exhausted the history of the yak, enough, I hope, has been said to show that the new arrival is a much more interesting animal than would appear at first sight.



FIG. 1. FOR COMPARISON WITH THE SKULL OF A BISON (IN FIG. 2): THE SKULL OF A YAK.

The skull of the Yak is much narrower across the orbits, or eye-sockets, than in the Bisons, to which it is perhaps most nearly related. The crown scarcely rises above the level of the bases of the horns, which have a wide outward and backward sweep, and the nasal bones are lozenge-shaped. The differences between the two skulls are clearly shown in the above photographs.



FIG. 2. FOR COMPARISON WITH THE SKULL OF A YAK (IN FIG. 1): THE SKULL OF A BISON.

In the skull of the Bison the orbits, or eye-sockets, are produced outwards to assume a tubular shape, adding greatly to the width of the skull: the crown rises far above the bases of the horns, which are much shorter than in the Yak, and less spread, and the nasal bones taper from a wide base almost to a point.

molested! But the young have to sleep in the shade amid long grass, and they, too, are "camouflaged" by their stripes, which break up the solid appearance of the body and so merge it with its surroundings.

Young deer, again, are spotted, a coloration which harmonises well with the sun-flecked glades in the woods where the whole family live. The Indian axis-deer, which lives in leafy glades the year round, is permanently spotted, from the cradle to the grave. In the fallow-deer this spotted hide would betray them in the winter when the trees are bare, and so the adults wear a spotted livery only during the summer months.

Here, then, we find a real "meaning" in the coloration of the immature stages. And this is further emphasised in the case of young seals. These have a white coat till they are able to enter the water, when they assume the coloration of the adult. Here, again, this coloration has a profound "meaning," which was not apparent till we got a clue from the sealers. They have shown us that in the Arctic-breeding species this white woolly covering affords a most necessary protection from the sun. The old seals can protect themselves by a frequent plunge into the sea; the young must perforce lie helpless till strong enough to take to the water. That this is so is shown by the fact that

when a pack of seals, old and young, are trapped on the ice by what is known as a "jam," which closes up the entry-holes to the water, the old ones develop, as the sealers say, "burned skins." And this because the skin becomes parched and dry, stripping off in flakes if the hand be drawn along the back. The pups, with their white fur, are never injured.

Our own seals tell the same tale. The pups of the great grey-seal are white; and they have to lie out on the rocks under a scorching sun for four weeks—during a hot summer. The pups of the common seal enter the water almost as soon as they are born, and they are



FIG. 3. THE NEW BABY YAK BORN AT THE "ZOO," WITH ITS MOTHER: A VIEW SHOWING THE COW'S BUSHY TAIL AND LONG "CURTAIN" OF HAIR.

Even though moulting the winter coat, the enormous size of the bushy tail and the great length of the hair on the hind-quarters are well shown. The horns are much smaller than in the bull. The calf has the tail covered in short hair, and has no excessive length of fur on the body.

are uniformly coloured; and these spots fade very gradually; not until the animals are practically full-grown do the last fade out. Young tapirs and young wild-boars are longitudinally striped. The case of the tapirs is exceptionally interesting, for the juvenile stages of the two species are hardly distinguishable; but the adult American tapir is of a uniform blackish hue, while the Malayan tapir has a coloration which is unique among mammals. The fore-part of the body, as far back as the hinder part of the withers, and the fore-legs, are jet black; the hind-legs and the tail—all there is of it—are also jet black, while the rest of the body is white. Here is one of the many striking instances of "camouflage in Nature"; for these strangely coloured animals have a habit of sleeping amid the great boulders of dried-up watercourses,



FIG. 4. SHOWING THE THICK HAIR AND LONG BACKWARD-CURVING HORNS: THE BULL YAK; AND THE COW IN THE BACKGROUND.

The long horns of the bull, which have a marked backward twist, and the high withers are clearly shown, as also is the length of the hair on the legs. The cow, in the background, also shows the high withers, but these are even more conspicuous in the American Bison. In its European relative the height of the withers and the wooliness of the head are less. The nostrils of the Yak are conspicuously large and open. While the wild Yak has black hair, many of the domesticated animals, which are used in Tibet as beasts of burden, are more or less white. This may be due to the fact that they have been crossed with European cattle.

"MUST-NOTS" OF THE PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATE: A PICTORIAL "LIST."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU. (COPYRIGHTED.)

IT IS A CORRUPT PRACTICE FOR THE CANDIDATE

TO BRIBE - PROMISE -
OR LEND MONEY TO
SECURE VOTES

TO OFFER
EMPLOYMENT
OR PAY
WAGES, OR
GIVE A VOTER
MONEY FOR
LOSS OF
TIME



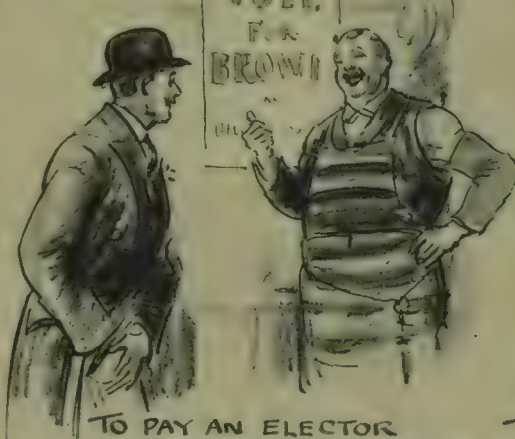
OR 'TREAT' IN ANY
MANNER OR FORM

BRYAN DE GRINEAU
29.

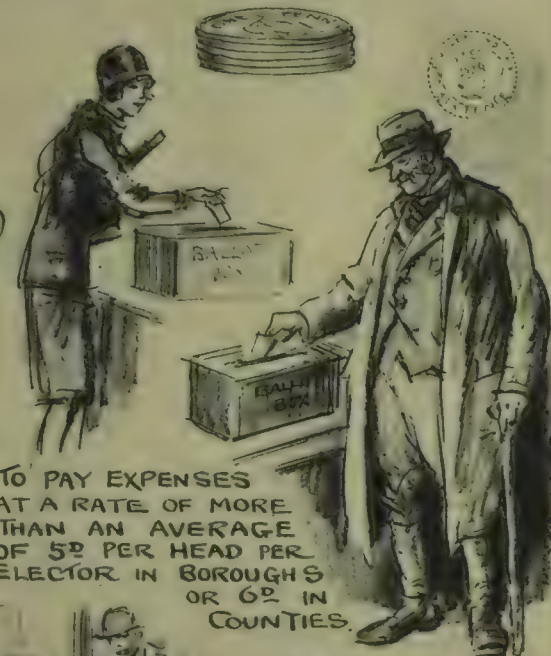
IT IS AN ILLEGAL PRACTICE FOR THE CANDIDATE



TO PAY FOR
HIRE OF VEHICLES
TO TAKE VOTERS TO THE POLL -



TO PAY AN ELECTOR
FOR DISPLAYING BILLS OR
POSTERS - (THE PRINTER'S
NAME MUST BE ON EVERY
EXHIBIT)



TO PAY EXPENSES
AT A RATE OF MORE
THAN AN AVERAGE
OF 5D PER HEAD PER
ELECTOR IN BOROUGH
OR 6D IN
COUNTIES.

A CANDIDATE

MUST DEPOSIT £150.
WITH RETURNING OFFICER
AT NOMINATION - THIS IS
RETURNED IF ELECTED - OR IF
ONE-EIGHTH OF TOTAL NUMBER
OF VOTES IS POLLED IN EVENT
OF NON-ELECTION (IF LESS THE
FEE IS CONFISCATED AND GOES
TO THE TREASURY.



ONE COMMITTEE ROOM IS
ALLOWED FOR EVERY 500 ELECTORS -
BUT MUST NOT BE LICENSED PREMISES,
REFRESHMENT HOUSES - ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS ETC.

PERSONAL EXPENSES
(HOTEL BILLS, ETC.) DURING
ELECTION ARE NOT LIMITED
TO ANY PRECISE AMOUNT -
BUT ANY OVER £100 MUST
BE PAID THROUGH ELECTION
AGENT.



SENT TO RETURNING
OFFICER WITHIN 35 DAYS OF POLL.

ELECTION AGENTS' FEES.

THE SUM OF £75 FOR
A COUNTY OR £50 FOR
A BOROUGH IS ALLOWED
OUTSIDE EXPENSES
ALLOWANCE - BUT
ABOVE THIS MUST
BE INCLUDED IN
CANDIDATE'S EXPENSES
ACCOUNT.



CLERKS.
IN BOROUGH ONE
ELECTION AGENT IS
ALLOWED WHO HANDLES
EXPENDITURE - A
POLLING AGENT
TO EACH STATION
AND ONE CLERK TO
EVERY 500
ELECTORS.



HEAVY FINES ARE IMPOSED
AND CANDIDATE IS UNSEATED
IF ANY OF THESE RULES
ARE VIOLATED -

A RETURN
OF ALL EXPENSES
MUST BE MADE,
SIGNED AND
ATTESTED BY
A J.P. AND

THINGS NOT TO BE DONE IN SEEKING ELECTION: ACTIONS THAT INVOLVE UNSEATING AND A HEAVY FINE.

In seeking election to Parliament, there are many things which candidates must be very careful not to do, if they wish to avoid the risk of being unseated, and the imposition of a heavy fine, for corrupt or illegal practices. Such infractions of the law governing the conduct of elections may easily occur inadvertently, either through ignorance or forgetfulness in a moment

of enthusiasm. For the enlightenment of those of our readers unfamiliar with election procedure, we here present in pictorial form a number of "must-nots" which every candidate must know. The final drawing, of a candidate leaving Court after having been unseated and fined, illustrates what may happen to a candidate who makes any of the mistakes above represented!

THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY'S POLICY:

MR. BALDWIN'S "RECORD" SPEECH.*

Never has there been as "mechanical" a General Election as the present. Not only have leaders of the three great parties broadcast their programmes by wireless, but there has been a plentiful use of the microphone and the loud-speaker in other ways. An even more interesting point is that Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald have all taken advantage of the gramophone to spread their ideas, and have delivered special election speeches which have been recorded by the Columbia Graphophone Company, by whose courtesy we give the addresses in question on this page and on two following pages. Other leaders have also recorded for Columbia—Sir William Joynson-Hicks, Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, and the Duchess of Atholl for the Conservative Party; Earl Beauchamp, Mrs. Wintringham, Sir Herbert Samuel, and Mr. T. J. Macnamara for the Liberal Party; and Mr. Philip Snowden, Miss Margaret Bondfield, Mr. J. H. Thomas, and Mr. J. R. Clynes for the Labour Party.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

WE are shortly to be faced with a General Election, at which everyone, men and women alike, above the age of twenty-one, will be asked to give their vote to choose a new Government. Now, in choosing a team for cricket or football to represent the country in international matches, you pay great attention to the records of the players, and no less attention is necessary, in choosing a Government, in noticing and comparing the records of the men who ask for your support. I want, for four or five minutes, to examine the record of the Conservative Government, which will be appealing to you to renew your confidence in them, and to show how they have fulfilled the pledges which they undertook in 1924. Take housing. Over three-quarters of a million new houses have been built, a record not only for this country, but for every country in the world.

Take agriculture. Agriculture has been through a difficult time, but no Government has done more by legislation than this Government, and nothing that they have done will help agriculture more than the proposals to free that great industry from rating on land and buildings which will amount to a relief worth from five to six millions a year.

Take the Pensions Act, which we passed in the first session of Parliament after we were elected. Nearly everyone now will obtain his pension at 65

* The speech made by Mr. Baldwin for the Columbia Record 5338; here given by courtesy of the Columbia Graphophone Company, Ltd.

instead of 70, and, for the first time, widows and orphans are entitled to benefit. 1,300,000 people have already been relieved by this great Act, of whom nearly a quarter of a million are women and 340,000 are children.

In education, we have built hundreds of new schools and re-conditioned hundreds of others, and we have opened thousands more free places to children in the secondary schools.

By our financial policy, we have helped to reduce the cost of living in this country; and, to show how we have succeeded, we can claim that the fall in the cost of living represents no less than £100,000,000 a year in wages.

We had to meet that grave menace of the General Strike. We defeated it, but, most remarkable thing of all, that very defeat left behind it no bitterness and no ill-feeling, and for the first time in this country masters and men are getting together in the realisation that the ultimate

prosperity of their industry depends more on themselves than on anything that any Government can do. In the last few years there have been fewer strikes than ever before, and, whereas the average number of working days lost per annum in the years 1919-1926 was about 44,000,000, the total number in the last two years was only two-and-a-half million.

And, last, there is the great ratings scheme which we have just initiated and which will yet take some time to complete. By that we relieve the productive industries of the country, including agriculture, of some £26,000,000 a year of rates. By removing that burden, we shall make it easier for our manufacturers to compete with their foreign rivals, and this will mean more orders, better trade, and more employment. And remember that this reform is being carried through without putting any extra burden on the ratepayers. In fact, the result of the local government reforms will be that at least three out of four ratepayers will stand to benefit by a reduction of rates, and will, in addition, get better value for their money—in the shape of improved health and other services.

Now, of course, one is often asked "Have you some wonderful remedy to remove all the unemployment in the country?" I

answer, "No; there is no single remedy, nor has anybody got one, and I am not going to make reckless promises to you which I know full well cannot be carried out." When you hear such promises made by the other parties, I want you to examine

them carefully, to see if they are really sound and business-like.

The Liberals want to spend something like 150 to 200 millions in order to give temporary work to the unemployed on the building of roads. If I had more time, I could show you that this scheme is quite impracticable; but I just want you to remember that if you spend vast sums of money on temporary works of this character you are going to deprive other industries, which give permanent employment, of capital with which to develop their business, and there is a real danger that those industries, on which the solution of the unemployment problem ultimately depends, might find it impossible to take on any new hands, and might even have to discharge some of their existing hands. Then, at the end of two or three years, when the temporary works have been finished, we should be in a worse condition than ever before.

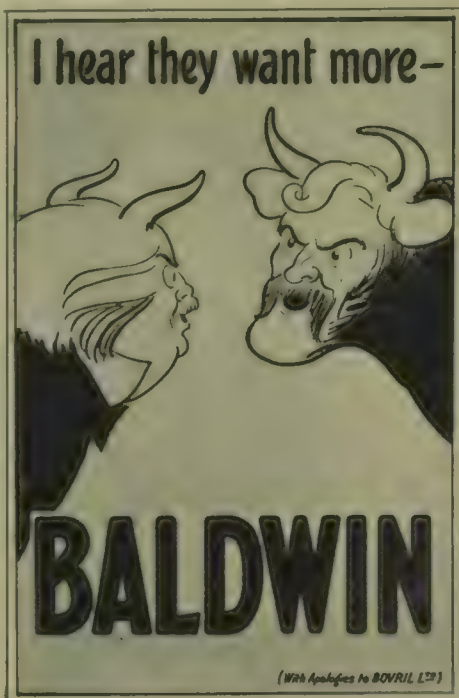
Then, there is the Socialist programme, which, if carried out, would mean something like 250 millions of fresh taxation. Think what that would mean to industry! Many firms could not stand such a burden, and would have to close down. The result would be more and more unemployment.

It is not by such methods as that that we can regain industrial prosperity. The Conservative Party, on the other hand, has behind it a record of sound and honest work and the fulfilment of its pledges. Trade is rapidly improving. The national trading profit has risen from 9 millions in 1926 to 149 millions in 1928. The ship-building industry is recovering from its depression. The prospects in the iron and steel

industry are better than they have been for some time past.

Seventy-eight coal-mines have been reopened since the beginning of this year, and the number of the unemployed has fallen from over a million and a half on Dec. 31, 1928, to 1,182,500, a reduction of 338,000 in three months.

It is by means of industrial progress on these lines that the unemployment problem will be solved; and when other parties come forward and say, "We will conquer unemployment," my answer to them is: "We are conquering unemployment and conquering it, not temporarily, but permanently."



PICTORIAL PARODY IN A CONSERVATIVE POSTER: MR. LLOYD GEORGE (LEFT) AND MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER IN ANXIETY OVER LIBERAL AND LABOUR PROSPECTS.



THE NAUGHTY BOYS STEALING THE NATION'S JAM: A CONSERVATIVE POSTER REPRESENTING MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD CLIMBING TO POWER ON MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S BACK.



"IT'S YOUR MONEY WE WANT!" A CONSERVATIVE POSTER REPRESENTING MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD DEMANDING TAXES WITH MENACES IN THE EVENT OF HIS RETURN TO POWER.



LIBERAL AND LABOUR BUBBLES: A POSTER SATIRISING MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD (LEFT) AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE AS PURVEYORS OF EVANESCENT PROMISES.

A PROTAGONIST IN THE GENERAL ELECTION: THE CONSERVATIVE LEADER.



PRIME MINISTER AND CHIEF OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY: THE RT. HON. STANLEY BALDWIN, P.C., M.P., F.R.S.

Mr. Baldwin first became Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury in May, 1923, on the retirement of the late Mr. Bonar Law, to whom he had formerly acted as Private Secretary, before joining the Ministry in 1917. When his first Government was defeated in January, 1924, Mr. Baldwin resigned, but was returned to power with a great majority in the General Election of the following October, after the defeat of the Labour Government, and has since remained in office. The most memorable event during his long administration was the General Strike of 1926, and his management of the crisis greatly enhanced

his reputation. Mr. Baldwin was born in 1867, and was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. Since 1908 he has been M.P. for the Bewdley Division of Worcestershire, his native district. He was Financial Secretary to the Treasury (1917-21), President of the Board of Trade (1921-22), and Chancellor of the Exchequer (1922-23). In 1923 he was elected Lord Rector of Edinburgh University. In 1892 he married Lucy, eldest daughter of the late Mr. E. L. J. Ridsdale, of Rottingdean. He has published several books, including "Peace and Goodwill in Industry," "On England," and "Our Inheritance."

THE LIBERAL PARTY'S POLICY: MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S "RECORD" SPEECH.*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

DURING the five years of the lifetime of the present Government the staple trades of this country have suffered from a depression which is unparalleled in extent and duration. The unemployment figures have been on an average well over a million. The Government have not only failed to help the nation out of its grave plight, but their measures have actually aggravated it. The foolish debt settlement with America; the precipitate and unwise handling of the Gold Standard, which hit our export trade so hard and was directly responsible for the disastrous coal stoppage of 1926; the failure to reduce unproductive expenditure; the confiscation of funds intended for national development, like the £30,000,000 taken from the roads—these and many other mistakes and follies have worsened the trade situation at a time when the restoration of world trade after the war ought to have produced a definite improvement in our business position. The de-rating mess with which they have crowned and climaxed a career of muddles is a fair example of their business methods. Heavy taxation is imposed on all motor transport, *ostensibly* in order to lighten the burden of rates where it bears heavily on industry.

The Liberal Party have devoted three years of Opposition to working out the best plans for extricating the nation out of its troubles. They have called together the ablest economic thinkers in the land, and have consulted experienced business men, industrialists, financiers, agriculturists, mine-workers, and experts in every branch of industry.

Since this Government have been in power, it has cost the nation £350,000,000 to maintain the unemployed in *idleness*. For that huge expenditure there is nothing to show but demoralisation. The Liberal plan is based on the idea that it would be better to spend this money on useful and essential work which would effect genuine and substantial improvements in national conditions. The whole road system of the country urgently demands reconstruction with a view to adapting it to the rapidly growing needs of the new motive power which appeared amongst us a generation ago.

The Liberals propose to take this task in hand at once, and employ the workless on the enterprise. When accomplished, it will facilitate business and save life. But it is not merely on roads that the nation needs re-equipment to meet the future. Its telephone system is behindhand in comparison with other nations; its land is becoming water-logged and going out of cultivation through lack of drainage. The development of electric power ought to be pressed forward with greater energy, and the revival of agriculture and the restoration of the countryside is *essential* to national security, strength, and health. The clearing



THE ROAD TO NATIONAL PROSPERITY UNDER RECONSTRUCTION: A LIBERAL POSTER WHICH ILLUSTRATES MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S SCHEME FOR CONQUERING UNEMPLOYMENT.

How has this idea been carried out by this *business-like* Government? Industries which reckon their profits in millions are relieved of three-fourths of their rates, but the struggling tradesman, to whom the heavy rates mean a real anxiety, gets nothing. The brewers, whose profits have since before the war risen from 9½ million pounds a year to 25 millions, will be given a cheque for £400,000 to help them pay their rates. The only effect of the recent Budget is to further endow these favourites of Tory fortune. The baker and grocer will get nothing. What is the principle? If you convert grain into beer you are subsidised out of the taxes; if you turn it into bread then you must stagger along under your burden the best way you can! One enormously prosperous Trust will get £600,000 a year. The cottager, the professional man, the shopkeeper, get nothing. This iniquitous method of dispensing the bounty of the State is enough to condemn this Government. They are not deliberately unjust—they are simply muddlers.

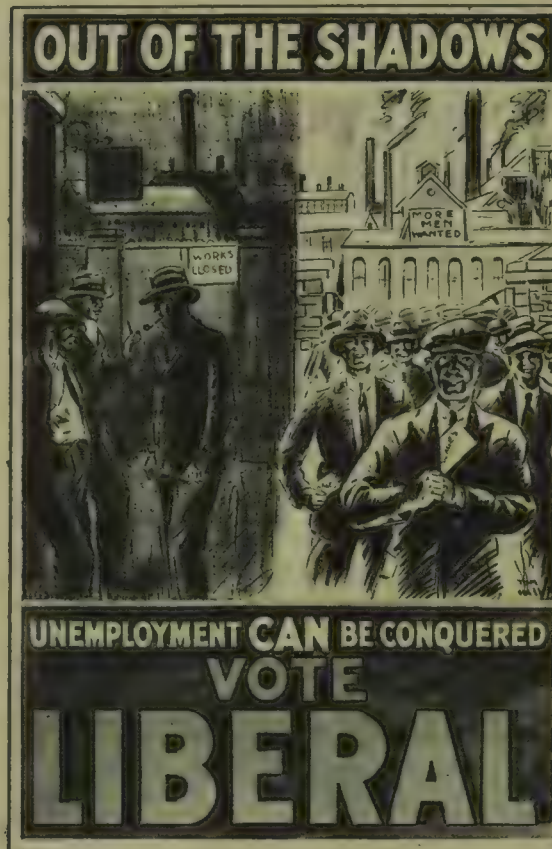


THE "HAMMER" OF THE WELSH WIZARD'S POLICY: A SHREWD BLOW IN REPAIRING THE ROAD TO PROSPERITY—A LIBERAL POSTER.

Our plans are not mere *paper* plans. If put into operation by a competent Government, without loss of time, they will not only find useful work for the workless until prosperity returns; they will also help to quicken the permanent restoration of our normal trade prosperity.



MOBILISING FOR EMPLOYMENT, AS FOR MUNITIONS: MR. LLOYD GEORGE AS THE DYNAMIC FORCE OF HIS PARTY—A LIBERAL POSTER.



"LOOK ON THIS. PICTURE AND ON THAT!" A LIBERAL POSTER CONTRASTING WHAT IS WITH WHAT WILL BE IF MR. LLOYD GEORGE BECOMES PRIME MINISTER.

out of the slums is imperative as an act of humanity, as well as because it is a contribution to national efficiency. Here is *plenty* of work for the workless, and the nation will be enriched by its accomplishment, just as it is now impoverished by its neglect. To say it cannot be done is to ignore what has been achieved by the nation in the past. The organising of a vast supply of munitions in twelve months when labour was scarce was a vastly bigger job, and yet it was *done*.

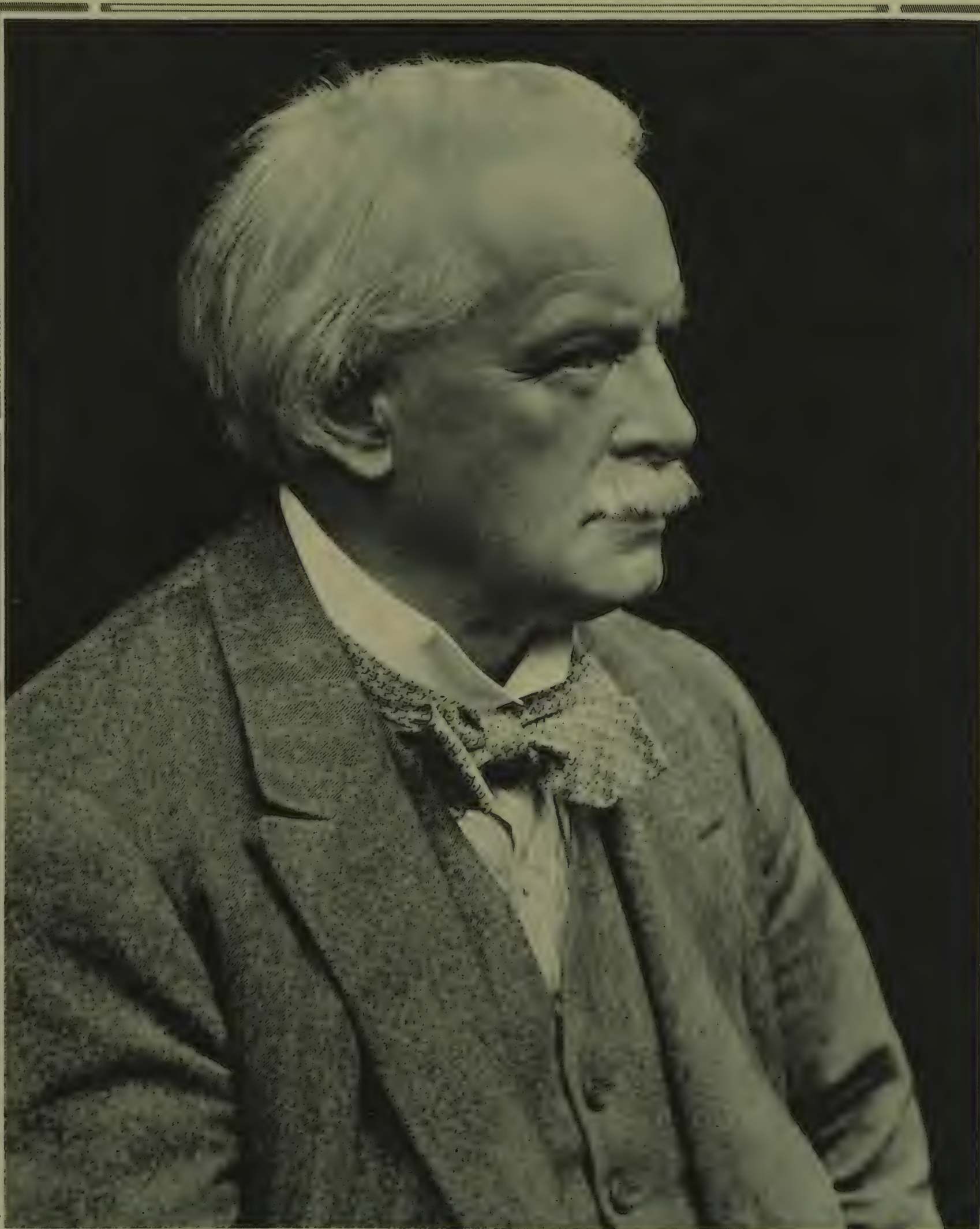
Liberalism is confident it can adequately carry through these schemes; it has the ideas—it can also supply the men to carry them out.

Socialism is unfitted, by its programme and personnel, for coping with the situation. It is committed to handing over all enterprise—industrial, commercial, or financial—to State management and control. In a country dependent on a foreign trade, run on a narrow margin of profit, this would be disastrous, and the disaster would be irreparable. A great trading business, once lost, is not easily recovered. That is why the Liberal Party alone can provide a safe and efficient alternative to the present Government.

Give it a chance! It never failed you in the past—it will not fail you now!

* The speech made by Mr. Lloyd George for the Columbia Record 5344; here given by courtesy of the Columbia Graphophone Company, Ltd.

A PROTAGONIST IN THE GENERAL ELECTION: THE LIBERAL LEADER.



EX-PRIME MINISTER AND CHIEF OF THE LIBERAL PARTY: THE RT. HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, O.M., P.C., M.P.

Mr. Lloyd George first became Prime Minister in December, 1916, when the Coalition Ministry resigned. In December, 1918, he formed a new Ministry after a General Election, and held office until his resignation in October, 1922. Before the war he was chiefly noted for his work at the Board of Trade; his advocacy of Welsh Disestablishment; his Budget of 1909 (with its controversial land proposals that led to the General Election of 1910); the National Insurance Bill, which he introduced in 1911; and for his Land Campaign of 1913. He was President of the Board of Trade (1905-8) and Chancellor of the Exchequer

(1908-15). During the war he made a great reputation by his energy as the first Minister of Munitions, and on Lord Kitchener's death he became Secretary for War. After the Armistice he took a leading part in the Peace Conference at Versailles, and on the signing of Peace received the Order of Merit. He has been M.P. for Carnarvon since 1890. Mr. Lloyd George was born at Manchester in 1863, and in 1884 became a solicitor. In 1888 he married Margaret, daughter of Richard Owen, of Cricketh. A book of extracts from his speeches was published the other day, under the title "Slings and Arrows."

THE LABOUR PARTY'S POLICY:

MR. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD'S "RECORD" SPEECH.*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I SPEAK to you of the Labour Party, its ideals, and its immediate objects. But, first of all, let me welcome the goodly company of new electors whom we have long striven to get on the Register, and to whom we are now glad to appeal. May they govern their country well!

The Party was born from the hearts and the needs of the people. Its programme is based on the problems of the home. Consider what it is that worries the lives of our people. First and foremost, there is the dread of an ever-overhanging poverty. The nation is rich; millions of pounds are squandered every year in deteriorating luxury which blesses and benefits nobody. Many who have not earned their possessions. Multitudes who have not have toiled all their days and at the end are no better off than when they began. This is a political and moral, as well as an economic, issue. It is the greatest problem of our civilisation. The Labour Party is not interested in dispossessing, but it is interested in creating a society in which the wealth-producers and service-givers may enjoy the reward of their labours. This necessitates a rural as well as a town programme, and the Party's programme to build up the country-side is winning the support of farmers and labourers alike. The Labour Party does not forget that agriculture is still our greatest industry, or that the condition of the farm labourer is one of the most pressing of our national problems.

The way by which most of our dreaded poverty comes is unemployment. For nearly ten years now this has been a menacing disgrace in our midst. The

was Prime Minister with a huge majority behind him, and nearly two million unemployed in the country, he promised much and did little. Since Mr. Baldwin has been in office, he has neglected to face the facts, and has fallen back upon charity. His great cure is to spread the unemployed over the land and knock them off insurance benefits. The Labour Party will face what baffled the other two parties. Our claim that the unemployed should have work or mainten-

their causes into court, they must kill, starve, and destroy each other. Will the women who nurtured life with so much pain and anxiety, mingled with love, consent to have that life made a target to be maimed and killed by bomb, shell, and bullet? And what is the purpose of it all? Has any nation ever been made secure by its arms? Every chapter of history says "No!" Has any nation ever been victorious in war? They have won battles; but victors and vanquished alike have suffered defeat!

The next war, of which people are already talking so lightly, and for which Governments are so blindly preparing, will leave civilisation a smoking ruin and a putrefying charnel-house. No man, woman or child, will be immune. Destruction will rise from the sea and fall from the air, and people will drop mysteriously where they stand, touched by the invisible breath of poison.

There must be no next war. By using the League of Nations, by entering a bond of mutual security, by disarmament and arbitration, Labour can herald the endless reign of Peace. This is no idle dream or empty boast. The record of the Labour Government proves it right up to the hilt.

Our ideal is a nation which is a community of hard-working, happy men—hard-working because it is only by the sweat of the brow and brain that mankind can live; happy because it will be a community where men are dealt with fairly. Hence it is that our movement appeals to the mind as well as to the body, and enlisted in its ranks are men and women who care for what



AN ILLUSTRATION OF HOUSING REFORM PROPOSED BY "THE PARTY OF THE WORKER'S HOME": A LABOUR POSTER SUGGESTING PRESENT CONDITIONS.



"LABOUR STANDS FOR ARBITRATION AND DISARMAMENT": A SYMBOLIC LABOUR POSTER—A VISION OF SUNSET OVER THE BATTLEFIELD CEMETERIES.

ance still holds good. National resources now neglected will be used, great highways built, transport organised as a national service, a bold policy of housing restored, and slum-clearances on an adequate scale begun, electrical power developed, national credit used to assist trade and re-condition industrial plant, children kept at school, and old workers pensioned so that they can retire.

Whilst these schemes are enlivening trade and absorbing the unemployed, those who are still out of work will be honourably maintained by adequate payments from insurance funds. They will not be driven on to the Poor Law. This is accepted by the Labour Party as its first task in government. To solve it successfully, and in the quickest possible time, the Party will commandeer its best brains, the ripest experience of the country, and what money is required. By our treatment of the unemployed problem we shall stand or fall.

The lives of our people are darkened by another possibility—the constant fear of War. And here I appeal especially to the women electors. What a disgrace it is to all our Christian professions that, even to this day, nations are spending more in paying for past wars and preparing for future ones than in training the young generation in virtue, in protecting our mothers and fathers from poverty, and in smoothing and soothing the last years of our aged!

The present Government had a chance, given to none of its predecessors, to establish Peace. It trembled at its opportunities. As Mr. Winston Churchill says in his last book: "The Labour Government paved the way for the memorable event"—these are his own words—"the memorable event of the Locarno Treaty." That done, the Government pursued a monotonous path of failure—failure at the League of Nations, at the International Labour Office, at Disarmament Conferences, failure to come to terms with America. It did come to an agreement with France, however, which, so far from advancing disarmament, would have increased arms. Arbitration is the only substitute for war. If nations are not prepared to bring



DURING THE WAR—THE SAVIOUR OF HIS COUNTRY: A LABOUR POSTER REPRESENTING THE WORKING MAN AS A FIGHTING MAN.

leaders of both the other Parties have neglected it; have been baffled by it. When Mr. Lloyd George



ELEVEN YEARS AFTER THE WAR—UNEMPLOYED: A LABOUR POSTER ILLUSTRATING DISTRESS IN THE MINING DISTRICTS.

is good and true and beautiful more than they care for possessions and vulgar show. The Labour Movement has been nurtured in the womb of History for many generations. Now that it is born, let us give it a joyous welcome and a loyal support!

* The speech made by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald for the Columbia Record 5341; here given by courtesy of the Columbia Graphophone Company, Ltd.

A PROTAGONIST IN THE GENERAL ELECTION: THE LABOUR LEADER.



EX-PRIME MINISTER AND CHIEF OF THE LABOUR PARTY: THE RT. HON. JAMES RAMSAY MACDONALD,
P.C., M.P., LL.D.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was Prime Minister, First Lord of the Treasury, and Foreign Secretary in the first Labour Government, from January to October, 1924. From 1906 to 1918 he was M.P. for Leicester, and since 1922 he has represented the Aberavon Division of Glamorganshire. In the present election he is contesting the Seaham Division of Durham. As leader of the Labour Party in 1922, he became Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons. He became Secretary of the Labour Party in 1900, held that post twelve years, and for the next twelve (1912-24) was its Treasurer. He was Chairman of the

Independent Labour Party (1906-9) and Leader of the Labour Party (1911-14). In 1901-4 he was a member of the L.C.C., and in 1912-14 served on the Royal Commission on Indian Public Services. Mr. MacDonald was born at Lossiemouth in 1866, and was educated at a Board School. In 1896 he married Margaret Ethel (died 1911), daughter of the late Dr. J. H. Gladstone, F.R.S. He at one time edited the Socialist Library and "Socialist Review," and has published many books on social problems, as well as two works on India, a memoir of his wife, and a travel book entitled "Wanderings and Excursions."

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

"THE BROADWAY MELODY."

(AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE.)

THERE can be no doubt about the popular appeal of the new talking film at the Empire Theatre. Huge crowds waited in an endless queue—thereby

scene or heave a sigh; but, for the rest, it is the show, the show, the show that matters. And the show is astounding! Lovely limbs unveiled, bad manners ditto, glitter and glare and noise. The triumph, instant and complete, of physical beauty, the surface brilliance that dazzles so that no one sees the emptiness beneath. And—as I can hear the producer saying—probably no one cares. For Mr. Beaumont, with his own cynical valuation of human nature, is by no means unobservant. His opening scene, for instance, is an eloquent testimony to his quick eye and alert mind, and in some way a vindication of the sound-film, for one cannot conceive its realisation in any other medium. It is just a little glimpse into one of those music-shops where artists try over songs, or practise their roudies, or test the strings of a new ukulele. Hubbub reigns. Suddenly a soprano trill rises above the under-tones. Someone sings a scale an octave higher than the rest, a pianist's energy penetrates the noise. Gradually, out of the not unmusical chaos, the Broadway Melody emerges and takes definite

And, if the truth be told, I felt the same. For here, in a sordid, unconvincing story, is exemplified in the acting of Asta Nielsen the true inwardness and the inherent function of the silent motion-picture. Directed by Bruno Rahn just prior to his death, this film has been described by its sponsors as "a profound study in psychology, full of startling reality and truthful characterisation." That such an estimate is biased rather than reasonably critical is obvious when one considers the many improbabilities and the illogical sequence of much that happens in the story. That such an impression can have been voiced at all is entirely due to the masterly technique of Asta Nielsen, and, in a lesser degree, the performance of Oskar Homolka. This is the more remarkable in the latter case, since in the present version of the film (originally produced in France as "A Tragedy of the Street" and now re-titled) the character played by Homolka has been changed from that of a man who lives upon the earnings of the woman to her brother, in deference to the wishes of the British Censor—a change that not only very considerably weakens the dramatic values of the relationship, but also does much to destroy the likelihood of the final catastrophe. It says a great deal for the actor's almost uncanny skill in characterisation that we are able to accept the ending at all from this new and unnaturally adjusted angle.

But, however much our valuation of the profundity of the psychological exposition, the cleverness of treatment, and the generally remarkable nature of "Backwaters" may differ from that of those responsible for its presentation in this country, it is a long time since I have seen so finished, so moving, so subtly appealing a performance as that of Asta Nielsen as the ex-actress who, fallen to the life of the streets, finds sudden and devastating romance in the person of the boy whom she rescues from starvation at her very door. The restraint that comes of real emotional power is in her every movement and gesture; her eyes speak with far more clarity and force than could ever be attained by mechanised words. And, greatest triumph of all, we would have known in the very opening scene, had there been no sub-titles to tell us, that the woman on the screen, pitifully endeavouring to repair the ravages of time by dyeing her hair, had been an actress in her storied past.

The management of the Avenue Pavilion has already a considerable tradition of interesting and very much worth while revivals to its credit. I was at first afraid that, by sponsoring the premier showing of "Backwaters" in England, that tradition had been somewhat stained. But, thinking things over, I believe the selection of the film is justified. For such acting as that of Asta Nielsen is like a rallying

[Continued on page 928]



THE DEATH OF NELSON ENACTED FOR THE FILM: THE HISTORIC SCENE ABOARD THE "VICTORY," AS PRESENTED IN "THE DIVINE LADY," TO BE PRODUCED AT THE PICCADILLY THEATRE, WITH VICTOR VARCONI AS NELSON AND MONTAGU LOVE AS CAPTAIN HARDY.

Stirring battle scenes, including Trafalgar and the death of Nelson, form part of a new historical film, "The Divine Lady," a First National Vitaphone production, to be presented at the Piccadilly Theatre for a season beginning on May 27. The title refers to the main theme of the picture, the love story of Nelson and Lady Hamilton, impersonated by Corinne Griffith. The part of Sir William Hamilton is played by Mr. H. B. Warner.

demolishing once and for all the kinema's slogan of "No queues, no waiting"—for a chance of a seat at one of the six performances on the first day of its showing. Nor can there be any doubt as to the picture's terrible cleverness. I use the fashionable adjective in its literal sense of "terrifying," for terrifying it is, when one thinks of it as a portent of mechanical entertainment and whither it is leading. Brains in plenty lie behind the making of "The Broadway Melody," a rather humble little syncopated melody, by the way, significant in itself as the sort of song deemed sufficient to symbolise a great thoroughfare in a great metropolis. Brains in plenty, of a kind, behind it, but no brains whatever allotted to any single one of the characters in the story devised for our entertainment.

The two heroines make a bid for success in a Broadway revue, and thus start the ball rolling. Of these two, one is a managing little person whose love for her younger sister leads her to sacrifice her own happiness. She dubs herself the brains of the partnership (the two of them combine in a vaudeville act), yet she shrieks like a fish-wife at the great director, transparently christened Zanfield, who has given them a chance, and literally "goes for him" at the very outset of her career. Her big, blonde, baby sister is—well, just a big blonde baby, devoid of intelligence and commonsense. The man they both love is a conceited fool and faithless to boot. His chief mission is to sing the Broadway Melody, and to warble another song into the white ear of the blonde when her sister's back is turned. The ditty is warbled to an orchestral accompaniment, though the incident takes place in the sisters' apartments, where a piano might conceivably have been handy, but certainly no orchestra. However, small matters such as these seem to carry no weight whatever with the American producer when he is out to give the public what he thinks the public wants. Mr. Harry Beaumont, the director of this particular film (and of "Our Dancing Daughters"), aims quite openly and, it must be admitted, successfully, at the high peaks of polished showmanship. His chief protagonists may come together for a few brief moments here and there, to supply a little humour or a tear or two, to make a



A FILM PLAY FORMERLY BANNED: "BACKWATERS," AT THE AVENUE PAVILION—FELIX (WERNER PITTSCHAU) AND AUGUSTE (ASTA NIELSEN), AN OUTCAST SON AND A BROKEN-DOWN ACTRESS WHO SAVES HIM FROM STARVATION.

shape. This is excellent, and on a level not attained, unfortunately, by the rest of the film. But the ballet interlude in colour, "The Wedding of the Painted Dolls," danced to a song with a nice little lilt and footling words, is wholly charming. To sum it all up, here is mechanical entertainment in its *édition de luxe*. Every part of it guaranteed to work perfectly; the wheels revolving on jewelled cogs; no expense spared in any department. A dazzling, deafening, disconcerting perfection of machinery, with little Bessie Love succeeding, in an amazing achievement, to be almost human though a trifle shrill, and Anita Page, as the blonde beauty, very lovely and yet a little shriller. A pleasant, quiet comedy study of a pleasant, fairly quiet vaudeville agent with a stutter is contributed by a Mr. Jed Prouty. Otherwise, there is nothing quiet, I assure you, about "The Broadway Melody."

"BACKWATERS."

(AT THE AVENUE PAVILION.)

"Do you miss the words?" I whispered to my companion during a tense moment of "Backwaters," the new silent film at the Avenue Pavilion. "No," was the uncompromising answer, "not in the least."



RIVALS FOR THE LOVE OF FELIX, IN "BACKWATERS," AT THE AVENUE PAVILION: CLARISSA (HILDE JENNINGS, LEFT), A YOUNG ACTRESS, AND AUGUSTE (ASTA NIELSEN), AN OLD ACTRESS WHO HAD BEFRIENDED HER.

"Backwaters," or "A Tragedy of the Street," was produced under the latter title in Paris last year, and ran for fifteen weeks, but was banned by the British Censor owing to certain elements in the story. After a slight cut, some re-editing, and a change of title, the ban has now been lifted, and the film was presented at the Avenue Pavilion on May 20. It is a pathetic story of love, jealousy, and crime in the underworld of a great city.

A MAY CARNIVAL AT SEVILLE: PICTURESQUE NATIVE JOLLITY AT AN ANDALUSIAN ROMERIA.



A DECORATED OX-DRAWN CART IN THE PROCESSION, CARRYING SPANISH GIRLS IN GAY NATIONAL ATTIRE: PILGRIMS GOING TO THE ROMERIA AT SEVILLE.



THE PILLION-RIDER: AN ANDALUSIAN CAVALIER AND HIS LADY-LOVE DRESSED IN NATIVE COSTUME, ON THEIR WAY TO THE SPRING FESTIVAL.



THE MOVEMENT AND GAIETY OF A SPANISH COUNTRY DANCE, IN PICTURESQUE NATIVE COSTUME, SHOWN WITH WONDERFULLY DRAMATIC EFFECT: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE ANDALUSIAN WHITSUNTIDE CARNIVAL AT SEVILLE.

The attractions of Seville, for those visiting that city to see the Ibero-American Exhibition, were enhanced at Whitsuntide by local celebrations which, though not connected with the Exhibition, added greatly to the interest of the season. The event in question was the annual Whitsuntide carnival known as the *Romeria*, which is partly a festival of the picnic type, and partly a pilgrimage of religious origin, with a strong element of merry-making. Girls and their cavaliers, attired in picturesque Andalusian costume, rode in the pilgrimage processions through the countryside, some on horseback, and others in gaily decorated carts drawn by

oxen. A great feature of the carnival was provided by the country dances, the spirit and movement of which have been admirably caught in the photograph given above. These old-world customs and costumes are more faithfully preserved in Andalusia than in any other part of Spain. The scene has been aptly compared to an Italian Whitsuntide festival in Rome which is described by Ruskin in his "*Proserpina*," with merry peasants "in Whit-Sunday dress, stout and clean, and gay in colour; and the women, all with bright artificial roses in their hair . . . heaped in pyramids on their triumphal carts."

MECHANISED "CHARIOT RACES" AT OLYMPIA: THE MOST

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT PROVIDES A MODERN VERSION OF ANCIENT CHARIOT-RACING:

The novel feature of this year's Royal Tournament, which it was arranged to open at Olympia, on May 23, in the presence of the Queen and the Prince of Wales, is a remarkable display of skill by the Royal Tank Corps. This display includes a race between two "teams," each consisting of three machine-gun tractors, on the lines of ancient chariot-races in the days of the Roman Empire. As the drawing shows, two tank "horses" are driven by a "charioteer" standing up in another tank. Starting at opposite ends of the great arena, the two tank teams race each other at an astonishing speed, taking the corners in great style, kicking up the floor of the arena at the curves as the nimble little steel vehicles bounce round on their tracks. The skill of the drivers is amazing, and will arouse envious feelings in motorists when they note how the tanks can actually turn in their own length. Another thrilling spectacle of the Tank Corps display is an inter-team relay obstacle race, given under the idea that urgent despatches are being carried in turn by three fast machines

REMARKABLE NOVELTY IN THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.

C. E. TURNER. (COPYRIGHTED.)



OLYMPIA RIVALS THE ROMAN ARENA WITH THE "IRON HORSES" OF THE 20TH CENTURY.

steeplechasing over the country. Then follows a turn with an element of humour. One of the vehicles becomes a moving castle, suggestive of mediæval romance, with knights in armour manning the turret, and after the manner of St. George, but mounted on the modern land-ship, they attack a fiery dragon. This vision of the past in an up-to-date guise ushers in the Dawn of Mechanisation, and the new fighting power unfolds itself in the arena. The Royal Tournament, which will remain open until June 8, comprises many other interesting events. The historical display this year is taken from the Peninsular campaign, the Battle of Albuera being staged by the "Die Hards" of that action, the 1st Batt. Middlesex Regiment, from Catterick. Massed buglers contribute a musical display, and the Naval boys from the Greenwich Hospital School perform a drill. All the popular features are in the programme again, including the Naval field-gun competition, Cavalry display, musical ride, Marines' drill, and work by physical training schools.

FROM A FAMOUS PAINTER'S EXHIBITION:
PORTRAITS BY DE LASZLO.



THE COUNTESS OF HADDINGTON.



LADY PLUNKET.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS THEODORA OF GREECE.



THE MARCHIONESS OF MILFORD HAVEN.

Mr. Philip de Laszlo has added largely to his gallery of royalties and other celebrities, with the 34 portraits in his new Exhibition recently opened at the French Gallery, 120, Pall Mall, and to remain open until June 21. Among his latest sitters have been the King of Egypt, the Crown Prince of Italy, the Regent of Hungary, Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, and the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland. The Duke's portrait is reproduced on page 918,

and on the page here facing, in colour, is that of Lady Buchanan-Jardine. Princess Theodora is a daughter of Prince and Princess Andrew of Greece.—The Marchioness of Milford Haven is a daughter of the late Grand Duke Michael of Russia and the late Countess Torby.—The Countess of Haddington is a daughter of Mr. G. W. Cook, of Montreal.—Lady Plunket is a daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Lewis, and was the widow of Captain Jack Barnato, R.A.F.

FROM THE PAINTINGS BY PHILIP DE LASZLO, M.V.O., IN HIS EXHIBITION AT THE FRENCH GALLERY. BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED).

A "Diana" of the North Portrayed by De Laszlo.

FROM THE PICTURE BY PHILIP A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O., INCLUDED IN HIS PRESENT EXHIBITION. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST.
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"LADY BUCHANAN-JARDINE": THE SPORTING CHATELAINE OF CASTLE MILK.

Lady Buchanan-Jardine is the wife of Sir "Jock" Buchanan-Jardine, third Baronet, head of the well-known firm of merchants in China, Messrs. Jardine, Matheson, and Co. She is the younger daughter of Lord Ernest Hamilton, son of the first Duke of Abercorn. Her marriage took place in 1921, and her little son, Andrew Rupert John Buchanan-Jardine, was born in 1923. Her Scottish home is at Castle Milk,

near Lockerbie, in Dumfriesshire. She is a keen sports-woman, fond of hunting and racing, and goes out regularly with her husband's pack, the Dumfriesshire. This charming portrait of her has been included in Mr. Philip de Laszlo's new exhibition (at the French Gallery, 120, Pall Mall), which it was arranged to open to the Press on May 21, and to the public on the following day.

"Jacaranda Time" at Pretoria: A Dominion Capital Robed in Purple—Floral Wonders of South Africa.

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER. (COPYRIGHTED.)



CANOPIED AND CARPETED WITH PURPLE BLOSSOM: CHURCH SQUARE, IN THE HEART OF PRETORIA, WITH THE AVENUES OF JACARANDA MIMOSIFOLIA IN THE FULL GLORY OF EARLY SUMMER—
A GAY CONTRAST TO THE CONTEMPORANEOUS GLOOM OF A NORTHERN WINTER IN EUROPE.

Pretoria, the administrative capital of the Union of South Africa, is one of the most picturesque capital cities in the Empire. Among its architectural attractions are the Union Buildings (the headquarters of the South African Government), which have previously been illustrated in these pages. The chief charm of Pretoria, however, is a certain old-world atmosphere which lingers in its broad streets, and this has been enhanced in recent years by the planting of avenues of *Jacaranda Mimosifolia*, a tree of Brazilian origin which at a certain season of the year bears enormous masses of mauve-blue flowers. Our artist has here depicted "Jacaranda Time" in Church Square, in the heart of Pretoria. The *Jacaranda* is at its best during October and November, which are the early summer months

of South Africa, and when it is in full bloom the whole city appears to be clad in mauve. The petals of the prolific bloom fall as they mature, and literally carpet the streets in purple. "Jacaranda Time" in Pretoria provides one of the floral attractions of this Dominion, which has lately come into such favour as a field of travel during the European winter months, and no more vivid contrast can be imagined than the grey gloom of a Northern winter day compared with the purple gaiety of the *Jacaranda* in full bloom in October and November. Readers interested in South African travel can obtain full particulars of this Dominion on application to the Director, Publicity and Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2.

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PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



FLIGHT-LIEUT. J. MOIR AND FLYING OFFICER H. OWEN,
THE AUSTRALIAN AIRMEN.

At the time of writing, there is anxiety as to the fate of these officers, who are missing. Engaged on an attempt to fly from England to Australia, they left Bima, Dutch East Indies, for Port Darwin, on May 18. They were last seen flying over Koepang, in the island of Timor, East Indian Archipelago, on that day.



THE WHITSUN GAMES AT STAMFORD BRIDGE: HERR H. TROSSBACH, OF
BERLIN (IN DARK VEST) BEATING LORD BURGHLEY (THIRD FROM RIGHT)
IN THE INTERNATIONAL 120-YARDS HURDLES.

The time was 15 seconds, 6-10ths more than Lord Burghley's world record, and 1-10th more than Trossbach's German record.



THE LATE LORD ROSEBERY: THE GREAT STATESMAN, MAN OF LETTERS,
ORATOR, AND SPORTSMAN, PHOTOGRAPHED ON HIS 82ND BIRTHDAY MAY 7, 1929.



MISS HILDA MOORE.

The well-known actress. Died in New York on May 18 as a result of streptococcus infection of the throat, caught while nursing her son. Made her debut in 1905. Nursed in France during the war.



THE ASCOT POSTMAN WHO PLAYED
GOLF AGAINST THE PRINCE OF
WALES: MR. WILLIAM JONES.

On May 18, the Prince of Wales, partnered by Walter Hagen, played golf against Sir Philip Sassoon and Aubrey Boomer, on the Swinley Forest course, near Ascot. In the afternoon, as a member of the Swinley Forest side, he played against Mr. William Jones, a member of the local artisans' club. Swinley Forest is a private course.



MR. E. A. HARNEY, K.C.

M.P. for South Shields in the last Parliament. A member of the Bars of England, Ireland, and Australia, and a K.C. in England and in Australia. An able Liberal. Born in Dublin in 1871; died May 17.



A FORMER PRIME MINISTER; SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN
AFFAIRS; AND LORD PRIVY SEAL: ARCHIBALD PHILIP PRIMROSE, FIFTH
EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G., K.T., P.C.

Lord Rosebery, who died at his home, "The Durdans," Epsom, on the morning of May 21, had filled many high offices, amongst them those of Prime Minister, Lord Privy Seal, Chief Commissioner of Works, and Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He was Prime Minister and Lord President of the Council, 1894-1895. For two periods he was Chairman of the L.C.C. He was famous not only as statesman, orator, and man of letters, but as a sportsman. He won the Derby thrice.

MISS WETHERED'S GREAT RETURN: THE LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.



THE REMARKABLE FINAL OF THE LADIES' OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP, AT ST. ANDREWS: THE BIG, BUT MOST RULY CROWD, WATCHING THE PLAY ON THE SECOND GREEN—MISS GLENNA COLLETT PUTTING.

AFTER THE GREAT MATCH IN WHICH SHE BEAT MISS GLENNA COLLETT, OF THE UNITED STATES, BY THREE AND ONE: MISS JOYCE WETHERED, OF WORPLESDON, OF WORPLESDON, ESCORTED THROUGH THE ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD BY POLICEMEN.



THE PROTAGONISTS IN THE DRAMATIC FINAL: MISS GLENNA COLLETT, U.S.A., THE LOSER (LEFT); AND MISS JOYCE WETHERED, WORPLESDON, WHO WON AND MADE A MOST REMARKABLE RETURN TO COMPETITIVE GOLF.



THE WINNER IN PLAY: MISS JOYCE WETHERED MAKING AN APPROACH SHOT.



AFTER THE FINAL: MISS GLENNA COLLETT (LEFT) SHAKING HANDS WITH HER SUCCESSFUL RIVAL, MISS WETHERED.



THE LOSER IN PLAY: MISS GLENNA COLLETT PLAYING OUT OF A BUNKER.

Miss Joyce Wethered has indeed come back in earnest to the "big" golf she vowed she had deserted, and her win in the thirty-six-holes final of the Ladies' Open Golf Championship was remarkable. At the turn in the morning, her opponent, Miss Glenna Collett, was five up, with a score of thirty-four, but even this could not dismay her. The match could not be better summarised than it was by the "Times" correspondent. "Many epithets will be used," he said, "to describe the fluctuations of the match and the quality of the play. I feel unequal to the effort, and will let stark figures, without adjectives, speak. Miss Collett went out in 34 and was 5 up. She came home in 41, and was pulled

down to two at luncheon. She went out in 42, lost six holes out of nine, and was two down at the turn in the afternoon. She did the next eight holes in 36, including a seven, got one hole back, and lost by three and one. It was a great match greatly played, and the statement that Miss Wethered played her game, and yet was taken to the thirty-fifth hole, is the highest compliment that can be paid to Miss Collett. . . . Miss Wethered, if she prefers now once more to retire into private golf, . . . can do so with the knowledge that she has given as complete proof of surpassing greatness as any game player of either sex that ever lived." None will venture to disagree!

ART NEWS AND AIR NEWS: A "RECORD"; THE ZEPPELIN FAILURE.



THE MOST FAMOUS PAINTING OF A RACEHORSE SOLD FOR A PRICE EXCEEDING THE 4700 GUINEAS GIVEN FOR SARTORIUS'S "TOM OLDAKER":

GEORGE STUBBS'S PICTURE OF ECLIPSE.

The world-famous picture of Eclipse, by George Stubbs, R.A., which is here reproduced, has been sold by Mr. Walter Raphael to Mr. Alfred Ellis, of the art firm of Messrs. Ellis and Smith, for a record price, a sum much higher, it is said, than the 4700 guineas paid at Christie's last year for J. N. Sartorius's portrait of "Tom Oldaker," the Old Berkeley huntsman, on his favourite mount. Stubbs's work, which was painted in about 1770 and was exhibited in 1771, fetched

700 guineas fourteen years ago, at the sale of the late Sir Walter Gilbey's collection at Elsenham. Eclipse, who was bred by the Duke of Cumberland, was foaled on April 1, 1764, the day of an eclipse: hence his name. He won his first race at Epsom in May 1769; and he was never beaten. He is said to have sired 334 winners. In the picture is Mr. William Wildman, Eclipse's second owner, with his two sons.—[Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Ellis and Smith.]



THE BREAKDOWN OF THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN": SUSI, THE YOUNG GORILLA DESTINED FOR THE CHICAGO "ZOO," PHOTOGRAPHED AFTER LANDING FROM THE DIRIGIBLE



AFTER THE DISABLED GERMAN DIRIGIBLE "GRAF ZEPPELIN" HAD LANDED IN FRANCE: THE WOMAN PASSENGER, MRS. MARY PIERCE, LEAVING THE AIRCRAFT AT CUERS.



AFTER SHE HAD HAD TO ABANDON HER VOYAGE TO AMERICA AND RETURN VIA FRANCE: THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN" HOUSED IN THE AIRSHIP SHED AT CUERS, NEAR TOULON.

The German dirigible "Graf Zeppelin," bound from Friedrichshafen to the United States, started her flight a few minutes before six on the morning of May 16, with eighteen passengers and a crew of forty. On the evening of the same day, her commander, Dr. Eckener, sent a wireless message saying that serious engine trouble had arisen and that it had been decided to abandon the journey. The return was begun half-an-hour after the airship had passed over Saragossa. On the evening of the 17th, the "Graf Zeppelin" was safely housed in the shed at Cuers, Pierrefeu, some fourteen miles north of Toulon, after having tried to reach Friedrichshafen, an enterprise frustrated by the high wind. The French authorities, it need hardly be said, gave most willing, and most expert, assistance at the difficult landing.



THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER GREETED BY THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN: THE HAND-SHAKING ON THE STATION PLATFORM IN TOKYO ON THE DUKE'S ARRIVAL BY TRAIN FROM YOKOHAMA. The Duke of Gloucester landed at Yokohama, from H.M.S. "Suffolk," on May 2, and was greeted by the Emperor's brother, Prince Chichibu, who travelled with him by train to Tokyo. On his arrival he was welcomed on the platform by the Emperor Hirohito himself, and as they shook hands the band played "God Save the King." The Duke then drove to the Kasumigaseki Palace. The next day, at

ROYAL OCCASIONS NEAR AND FAR: SCENES IN ENGLAND AND JAPAN.



ON BOARD H.M.S. "SUFFOLK" BEFORE LANDING AT YOKOHAMA: (L. TO R.) CAPT. HOWARD KERR, MR. LLOYD THOMAS, ADM. MEADE, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, EARL OF AIRLIE, GEN. SIR HUGH ELLIS.

the Imperial Palace, he invested the Emperor with the Order of the Garter. At a State banquet very cordial speeches were exchanged. On May 10 the Duke left Tokyo for a tour in Japan until the 23rd, the date of his departure for Canada.



THE BRITISH LEGION'S MEMORIAL SERVICE AT THE CENOTAPH ATTENDED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES: A GREAT GATHERING IN WHITEHALL.

The Prince of Wales, as Patron of the British Legion, attended the annual conference held at Queen's Hall, on May 19. Later he inspected the annual parade—more than 10,000 members, with over 300 mounted on the Horse Guards Parade. Afterwards he marched at the head of one column to the Cenotaph, where he deposited the Legion's wreath. A service was conducted by the Dean of Westminster.



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT CELEBRATES HIS TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AS COLONEL OF THE GRENADEER GUARDS: TAKING THE SALUTE AT THE MARCH PAST. All three battalions of the Grenadier Guards were inspected on the Horse Guards Parade on May 16, by the Duke of Connaught, in celebration of his having completed twenty-five years as Colonel of the Regiment on his seventy-ninth birthday, May 1. The Duke was accompanied by the Prince of Wales, seen in our photograph on the left.



THE PRINCE OF WALES (SECOND FROM RIGHT IN LEADING GROUP) OPENS THE EXHIBITION AT NEWCASTLE: WALKING THROUGH THE GROUNDS.

The Prince of Wales on May 14 opened the North-East Coast Exhibition—a northern "Wembley"—on the Town Moor at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and made a tour of inspection through the pavilions and grounds. The Exhibition buildings were illustrated in our last issue. On arrival in the city, by the new Tyne Bridge, the Prince drove to Armstrong College, where he opened the new mining research building.

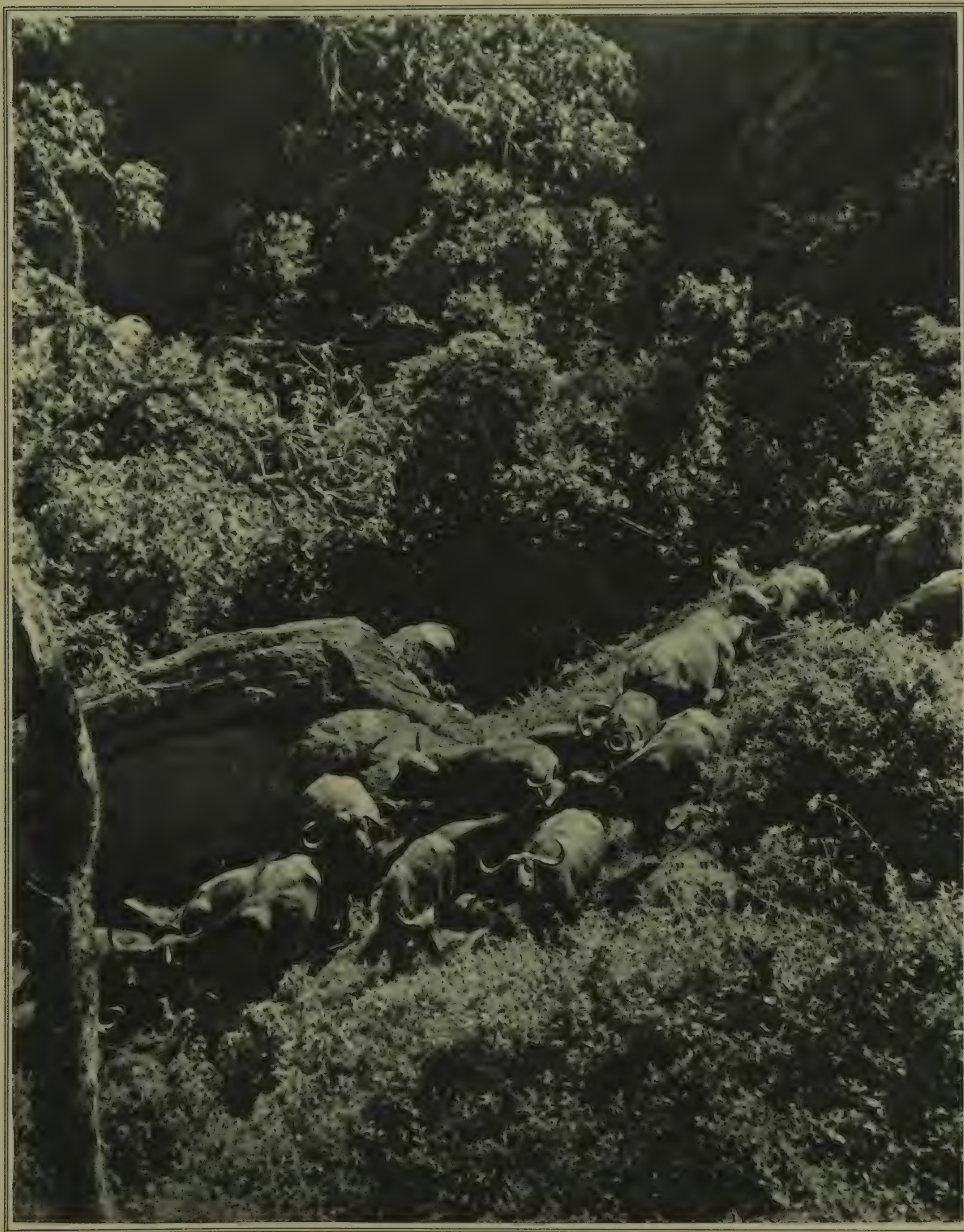


LITTLE PRINCESS ELIZABETH ACQUIRES THE ROYAL MANNER OF SALUTING: ACKNOWLEDGING A GREETING IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK.

Princess Elizabeth of York, who is now over three years old, has acquired the Royal manner of acknowledging salutes. On Whit Monday, for instance, she watched the ceremony of changing guard in the Grand Quadrangle of Windsor Castle, where she has lately been staying. Before they marched away, the officers of the old and the new guard both went up to the little Princess, who was sitting in her perambulator, and saluted her with their swords. She at once returned the salute.

THE MOST VINDICTIVE OF ALL BIG GAME: BUFFALO AT HOME.

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY MR. MARCUSWELL MAXWELL, WORKING IN TANGANYIKA AND KENYA COLONY.



A WONDERFUL CLOSE-RANGE PHOTOGRAPH OF BEASTS WHICH CHARGE ON SIGHT, AND ONLY DEATH CAN STOP:
A HERD OF AFRICAN BUFFALO IN DENSE COVER NEAR NAIROBI.

Here we give another example of Mr. Marcuswell Maxwell's wonderful work in big-game photography, following the examples in previous numbers, showing lions, rhinoceros, and giraffe. The buffalo is considered by many hunters to be the most dangerous of all animals. Discussing the relative claims to this distinction, in Africa, of the lion, elephant, buffalo, and rhinoceros, Mr. W. S. Chadwick writes in a chapter on buffalo in his fascinating book, "Man-Killers

and Marauders" (published by Witherby): "Personally, I would yield the buffalo the palm by day and the lion by night. . . . For sheer fighting courage, and implacable determination to kill, the wounded buffalo stands alone. . . . The buffalo is the one animal in the veld which cannot be stopped when he charges except by death." The writer also mentions the buffalo's misleading habit of shamming death, and of doubling on his trail.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IT does not befall every reviewer to be disturbed in his shaving by the trumpeting of an elephant. That is what has just happened to me, and on a Sunday morning! Some animals of a performing troupe happen to be lodged close by, and the elephant, I presume, was out for an early constitutional with his keeper. Apparently he took the wrong turning, went into a garage, and, when requested to leave, brandished his trunk and gave tongue. For some twenty minutes the sound of his expostulations filled the air, while "around from all the neighbouring streets the wondering neighbours ran." I began to wonder whether he had been reading "In Memoriam," and was voicing his own interpretation of the line—

I do but sing because I must.

Elephants in a condition of *must*, of course, are apt to run *amok*, but nothing of that kind occurred. Eventually his trainer, I suppose, arrived on the scene, and had only to lift up his finger and to say "Tweet, tweet," for presently a stately procession passed by my windows, consisting of a monstrous pachyderm, draped in green, escorted by two agitated men with sticks, and moving meek as a lamb towards his stable.

This exotic interlude in the drab life of Bloomsbury, bringing the romance of the jungle almost to the doors of the British Museum, suggests something of the difficulties that must have beset the "Zoo" authorities when, in 1882, they conveyed Jumbo through the streets to embark for America. I find an authentic account of that historic episode in the "CENTENARY HISTORY OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON." By P. Chalmers Mitchell, F.R.S., F.Z.S., etc., Secretary to the Society. With a Statistical Chart, thirty-two Portraits, and nine Plans (Printed for the Society, and sold at its House in Regent's Park; 25s.).

Dr. Chalmers Mitchell has given us a most fascinating book, which every Londoner who has ever enjoyed the delights of the "Zoo" ought to make a point of possessing, while it will appeal also to a world-wide circle of those interested in wild creatures and their housing in captivity. But the maintenance of these establishments is far from being the only work which the Zoological Society does for science. As Dr. Mitchell points out, it provides materials for museums and anatomists, keeps a great library, maintains and assists research in anatomy and taxonomy, and issues the results in many costly publications. "It is, I think (he adds) worthy of note that, although this Society has become, in a sense, a national institution, it has neither asked for nor received any grants from any public funds, and that it pays rent, rates, and taxes." In that respect it has my profound sympathy.

In telling the story of Jumbo and Alice, Dr. Mitchell discloses some interesting facts and corrects popular misconceptions. "Jumbo showed periodic outbreaks of violent and dangerous temper . . . in these fits (he) did much damage to his enclosure, and undoubtedly would have killed anyone who entered it." While the question of obtaining a rifle capable of despatching him in emergency was under discussion, Barnum offered to buy him: "Nor is it known (we read) precisely how the excitement about the sale arose, but there is more than a suspicion that Barnum, a prince of advertisers, had some hand in it. . . . The Press fomented the excitement, certainly in complete good faith, and the myth arose that 'Alice' was the 'wife' of Jumbo (although the two had never been together) and that the separation of the two was a piece of heartless cruelty. . . . The difficulties (of transport) proved at least as great as had been anticipated, and led to fantastic tales of the mental grief of 'Jumbo' and of his about-to-be-bereaved 'wife.'" As one of the small boys who used to ride on Jumbo's back, I remember some doggerel lines that ran something like this—

Jumbo said to Alice: "I love you."

Alice said to Jumbo: "I don't believe you do:

If you really loved me, as you say you do,

You wouldn't go to Yankee land and leave me in the 'Zoo.'"

Jumbo's tragic end, in collision with a train, does not, of course, come within Dr. Chalmers Mitchell's purview. It belongs to American history. I should be glad to know the facts, however, as so many conflicting versions appeared in recent newspaper correspondence on the subject, and nobody even mentioned the date.

Another and a very different anniversary is this year being celebrated far and wide in France—that is, the

quintecenary of Joan of Arc. The wars of the Warrior-Saint covered much of the ground which, some five centuries later, was to become familiar to English soldiers fighting on the soil of France with far other aims than those of Talbot's men, and in a cause which the Maid herself would surely have blessed. A great leader to whom the final triumph of that cause was largely due is worthily commemorated in "FIELD-MARSHAL EARL HAIG." By Brigadier-General John Charteris, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.P. With a foreword by John Buchan, eight half-tone Plates and numerous line Engravings (Cassell; 25s.). This excellent biography has the advantage, as Mr. Buchan points out, of having been written by one who had been a sharer in the most momentous stages of Lord Haig's career.

General Charteris himself recalls that he was closely associated with him in India, at Aldershot, and during the

To those who remember Lord Haig's devoted work for ex-soldiers after the war and the intense feeling stirred throughout the country at the time of his death, it may come as a surprise to read: "Haig lacked . . . the power of gaining the personal affection of the men of the armies he commanded: that came later, when he set his seal on his life's work by the efforts he made for his comrades during the years that succeeded the war. . . . The army admired Haig, and its officers and men trusted him implicitly, but they did not love him. He had no nickname with the men, nor with the officers as a whole. To those who were closest in touch with him he was 'D.H.'; and those a little less intimate knew him as the Chief; but to the army at large he was 'Haig.'" A footnote adds: "The suggestion was often made that he was widely known as 'Duggy' to the Army, but this is quite incorrect."



"THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, K.G.": BY PHILIP DE LASZLO, M.V.O.—A PORTRAIT IN THE ARTIST'S NEW EXHIBITION.

Mr. Philip de Laszlo, the famous portrait-painter, to whom so many royalties and other distinguished people have sat, has just opened a new Exhibition of his latest Portraits and Studies at the French Gallery, 120, Pall Mall, and it will remain open until June 21. Five other portraits included in the Exhibition are reproduced (one of them in colour) on other pages in this number. This fine portrait of the Duke of Northumberland is of particular interest at a time of political stress, owing to his prominence in public affairs. He is a tower of strength to the Conservative Party in the North Country, as well as in the House of Lords. In 1919, it may be recalled, he led a controversy against the suggested nationalisation of mines, and he is now chairman of the new "Morning Post" Company. He was formerly in the Grenadier Guards, and served in the South African War, in the Sudan (1908), and in the Great War. In 1911 he married Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox, youngest daughter of the seventh Duke of Richmond. A portrait of the Duchess of Northumberland, with her youngest son, Lord Geoffrey Percy, is also included in Mr. de Laszlo's exhibition.

By Courtesy of the Artist. (Copyright Reserved.)

critical years of the Great War. The present book, he says, does not attempt to anticipate those important documents which Lord Haig deposited in the British Museum for publication after the lapse of a considerable period. "But it is well," he says, "that those who took part in the great struggle under his leadership, and those who lived through the times of crisis, should have some idea of the magnitude of the task which he undertook, of the great qualities of his character, and of the debt which Great Britain and Europe owe to his efforts. It is for that purpose that I have undertaken this work . . . all the conversations that I have reported were either in my own presence or were related to me by Lord Haig himself." These qualifications give the book a unique personal value, while the author's own position inspires the reader with confidence in his accounts of military operations. It is always well, I think, that a soldier's life should be written by a soldier.

In this connection, General Charteris tells an amusing anecdote illustrating Lord Haig's relations with the rank and file. "He had no fund of small talk. He rarely spoke to the men, except to put a purely official question . . . seldom, if ever, did he try to strike a more personal note. On one occasion; indeed, on the urgent representations of his staff, he did make the attempt, and asked a somewhat elderly man in the ranks: 'And where did you start the war?' The reply, 'Nowhere, Sir; I didn't start the war,' effectively checked any repetition of the effort."

Especially interesting, of course, is the account of the appointment of Marshal Foch as Generalissimo on the urgent initiative of Lord Haig himself. The author, while disclaiming "any disparagement of General Foch," does not hesitate on occasion to criticise his strategy, and declares that "Haig inspired as well as executed the great blows that in 1918 brought the fruits of victory," and describes Haig as "the greatest of the great soldiers that led the armies of their country."

Many glimpses of the relations between the two great allied leaders, from the Frenchman's side, are obtained in a little book which is not so much a memoir as a record of conversations, combined with a character sketch, entitled, "FOCH TALKS." By Commandant Bugnet, Aide-de-Camp to Foch, June 1921—March 1929. Translated by Russell Green from the French work, "En écoutant le Maréchal Foch" (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.). Comparing this book with the biography of Haig, one is struck both by the likeness and the contrast. Each is the work of a soldier and of an admiring subordinate, but there the similarity ends, for, while General Charteris has given an ordered and detailed survey of his hero's whole career, Commandant Bugnet, who did not become associated closely with Marshal Foch till after the war, is concerned rather to draw an intimate portrait and to play Boswell to the Marshal's Johnson. Phases of the war crop up in retrospect, but the main purpose is to reveal the mind and personality of Foch himself in his own words, which are printed throughout in italics.

It is curiously interesting to visualise the great Marshal as a unit in the multitude of Paris, menaced by the traffic when he crosses the road. "He pauses on the edge of the pavement (we read) waiting for a favourable moment, and then dashes across, often at a run. If a vehicle cuts in unexpectedly, I warn him, 'Look out on your left,' and every time I think involuntarily of the cry of Philip the Bold, fighting beside King John: 'Father, guard your right; father, guard your left!'"

Still more intimate is a reminiscence quoted from General Weygand. "From the moment of rising, even while he is dressing, his thoughts are busy. Every morning he comes with something new in his head. That is why he has formed the habit of beginning the day by talking with me. 'Here,' he often says to me, 'is the idea I had whilst shaving.'" I remember the Bishop of London once remarking that his brightest thoughts occurred to him while he was wielding the matutinal razor. I very much doubt, though, whether either the Marshal or the Bishop ever had their train of thought interrupted, as mine was, by the lamentations of an elephant!

C. E. B.

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A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS : EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY SILHOUETTES.

By FRANK DAVIS.

IF Sir William Orpen can trace his artistic descent from Sir Joshua Reynolds, so the modern photographer can claim kinship of a sort with the eighteenth-century worthies responsible for these portraits. In other words, this article deals with the immediate predecessors of the nineteenth-century photographer. The second half of the eighteenth century was the heyday of the miniature-painter in England. Parallel with his vogue we can trace the popularity of the silhouettist—at least we call him that to-day, though the word was unknown till imported from across the Channel about 1830. The exponents of the art spoke not of silhouettes, but of "profiles" or "profile likenesses." Nor must one imagine the practitioner sitting at a table and industriously snipping out his sitter's outline in black paper with a pair of scissors. Consider the label pasted on the back of Fig. 2: "Perfect Likenesses in Miniature Profile, taken by J. MIERS, LEEDS, and reduced on a plan entirely new, which preserves the most exact Symmetry and animated expressions of the Features, much Superior to any other method. Time of sitting 'one Minute. N.B. He keeps the original Shades, and can supply those he has once taken with any number of Copies. Those who have shades by them, may have them reduced to any Size, and dressed in the present Taste."

You went to the studio and sat between a bright light and a sheet of paper; your "shade" was traced on this sheet and then painted in miniature on glass or plaster or ivory. The actual painting gave considerable scope to a skilful worker—for example, hair, lace, ribbons could be treated with meticulous accuracy or merely suggested—compare the difference in handling between Figs. 2 and 5—but the preliminaries were a semi-mechanical process, and as such quite definitely belong to the pre-history, as it were, of photography rather than of painting.

The would-be collector will soon learn to distinguish the main characteristics of the better-known silhouettists—the little tricks of handling, looseness

of treatment of hair, or extreme, almost photographic, accuracy, and so on. They are evident even in the few examples illustrated here. Apart from the actual portrait, the labels that were nearly always pasted on the back of the miniatures are of interest. I have already quoted a Miers label (very rare this when it comes from Leeds: Miers moved to London in 1789). Here is the label on the back of Fig. 5: "Dans l'absence du Reel, L'ombre me contente. Miniature Profile-Shade Likenesses à la Marlborough Painted upon Glass by W^m L. Holland, Portrait and Miniature Painter, Dublin. With a composition in Water

Profiles by him are not only desirable on their merits, but because he advertises that he "has studied the Italian, Flemish and all the great schools, and is a Royal Acadamean."

Mrs. Beetham, of 27, Fleet Street, is the equal of Miers in many people's estimation, and has rather similar technique. Miers, by the way, charges "from 7/6d to One Guinea, according to the finishing of the Miniatures and Frames." Charles "takes them on Paper at 3/6d, elegantly framed 6/- on Glass and Ivory at 10/6d. If not approved at the time of sitting, no pay. Whole lengths taken at One Guinea. There is no necessity for persons to come with their hair dressed." I need scarcely add that these are not modern auction prices. Rosenberg, of Bath, is another eminently worth-while silhouettist—very severe, painting generally in black on flat glass, with the curious habit of putting a second profile in pink immediately beneath the glass on the paper background, so that this pink profile is not visible until the miniature is taken out of its frame.

Finally, I must not omit Spornberg, who has a style peculiarly his own. Instead of painting the figure in black upon white, he painted upon the inside of a convex glass the outline of the profile, leaving the figure white and the surrounding space black. The features were then roughly indicated by black lines, as also the coat, and red applied behind; the result being that the portrait stood out in red in contrast to the surrounding black.

The effect is decorative enough, though not very refined, and it goes without saying that it takes no great connoisseurship to recognise a Spornberg profile.

With the turn of the century silhouettists began to grow more ambitious, and, it must be confessed, less capable of a dignified simplicity. The fashion became a sort of hobby in the best homes, so the professionals had to embellish their hitherto quiet work with gold, and the miniature on convex glass gives way to elaborate full-lengths cut out with the scissors—all very amusing, but not in the least distinguished. Finally, the daguerreotype relegated the silhouette to church bazaars and the piers of popular watering-places.



FIG. 1. "WALTER JONES, ESQ.": A SILHOUETTE PORTRAIT, PAINTED ON PLASTER, BY I. THOMASON, OF DUBLIN.



FIG. 2. "THE DUCHESS OF ATHOLL": A "PROFILE" BY J. MIERS, OF LEEDS, ABOUT 1788—ONE OF A SET OF TEN.



FIG. 3. "PROFILE OF A GENTLEMAN," BY S. HOUGHTON: AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY SILHOUETTE PAINTED ON PLASTER.



FIG. 4. WITH HEADDRESS (SURMOUNTED BY A SHIP) POINTING TO A DATE ABOUT 1764: A "PROFILE" PAINTED ON CONVEX GLASS.



FIG. 5. A "PROFILE" PAINTED ON GLASS BY WILLIAM L. HOLLAND, OF DUBLIN, ABOUT 1780: ONE OF A SET OF NINE.



FIG. 6. "MRS. SIDDONS": A PROFILE OF THE FAMOUS ACTRESS, BY J. MIERS, WHO LEFT LEEDS FOR LONDON IN 1789.

Photographs on this Page by Courtesy of Mr. Martin Baxter.

Colour much superiour to any other ever yet Attempted in Oil Colour on Glass, or in Water Colour on plaister of Paris. His Method is Intirely New and executed in the highest Style of PERFECTION." These two examples of labels give a very fair idea of the prevailing mode. It will be found that every silhouettist has a new and far superior method, and so on.

The illustrations give, I think, a very fair idea of the work produced up till the end of the century, though in so limited a space it is not possible to show profiles by all the better-known artists. Miers, it will probably be agreed, is in a class by himself, though many collectors may prefer the more austere Houghton as exemplified in Fig. 3. One important personality who is crowded out is Mr. Charles, of 130, Strand.

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

ROMAIN ROLLAND ON BEETHOVEN.

MANY years ago M. Romain Rolland, the author of a famous novel about a musician of genius entitled "Jean Christophe," which was translated into English and had a large sale in this country, wrote a book which was a short dithyramb on Beethoven. He has now written a longer book, "the result of a lifetime both of musical study and of human experience," which has been translated by Mr. Ernest Newman, entitled, "Beethoven the Creator." M. Rolland in this book—which he promises to follow with another volume or two—deals chiefly with the Beethoven of the "Eroica" symphony, and the opera "Fidelio," or, as Beethoven originally named it, "Leonora."

He has much that is interesting to say on the four overtures to "Fidelio," and especially on the No. 2 and No. 3 "Leonora" overtures. He says—

It was indeed a problem that tormented Beethoven: the problem of the overture in general. He was obsessed by it at a certain stage in his career; and in spite of the admirable and diverse replies he gave to it, we cannot say that he ever arrived at a definitive solution. Rather do we get the impression that at a certain point he became discouraged; at any rate, he abandons these explorations of genius into a new territory, that was to be traversed after him by the masters of the symphonic poem and the Wagnerian drama.

On the one hand, he had to meet the exigencies of the stage of that epoch, that accommodated itself ill to his epic manner; and on the other hand the contradictory exigencies of his own genius, in which, his whole life through (as we have seen when studying the sonatas), two sovereign and equally imperious instincts were at war with each other—the instinct of profound and vital expression and the instinct of beautiful, ample, solid construction: emotion and form. The real problem . . . was this: "Shall expression govern the form, or form the expression? . . . We reserve our admiration for him who is possessed by both exigencies and strives to harmonise them. But this can be done in either of two ways: by handing over the direction of the work either to the master builder or the poet in the grip of his passionate idea. This double response was given by Beethoven in the "Leonora" No. 3 and the "Leonora" No. 2.

This is an extremely interesting statement of the difference between the two overtures, which are elsewhere aptly defined by Romain Rolland as being respectively the lyrical (No. 3) and the dramatic (No. 2) expression of the content of the opera. M. Rolland

sees in No. 3 "by refining the design, equilibrating the masses, restoring the *reprise*, and freeing the symphony from the primacy of its poetic element (which in No. 2 had held the reins of the music)" a return to the "classic lines of the traditional sonata-form." The question of form is an extremely difficult one, but I think that the distinction Romain Rolland makes between the dramatic and lyrical forms of the two overtures is sound, although it would be inaccurate to describe either as being the more strictly formal.

The relation of these two overtures to the opera is perplexing. "Neither of them," says M. Rolland, "is suitable as an introduction . . . they are both too gigantic: they crush the earlier scenes." The practice in Germany nowadays is to introduce the opera with the Overture No. 4 in E major; and for my part I should like to have the "Leonora" No. 2 reserved for concert performance. As M. Rolland says, it cannot be used anywhere with the opera: "it is too complete a drama in itself; it would only be a duplication of the other drama; it suffices by and for itself." This overture is really a dramatic symphonic poem, and the first of symphonic poems, and its natural category is that which includes such purely orchestral and concert works as Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel" and Liszt's "Mazeppa," "Tasso," etc.

But this is not true of the "Leonora" No. 3 overture; as M. Rolland says: "It is not, like the No. 2, a summary of the action; it is its lyrical efflorescence, its transposition to an inward stage." In other words, it may be used to fulfil much the same function in the opera "Fidelio" as the chorus did in ancient Greek drama. It is an interesting fact that M. Rolland was brought to this conclusion by the same experience as convinced me. For it was after being at the Beethoven Centenary Festival in Vienna in 1927 and hearing the performance of "Fidelio" at the Opera House under Franz Schalk, when the "Leonora" No. 3 overture was played at the end of the second act, that I became convinced that this was the right, and the only right place to hear the "Leonora" No. 3 overture. And now M. Rolland says: "All the traditions of the opera house are against this new monster—an overture in the body of an act. Even a connoisseur as enlightened as Mr. Hermann W. von Waltershausen describes the performance of the No. 3 after the prison scene as a 'dramatic catastrophe,' not to mention the fact that it sates

the ear with a banquet in C major before the C major orgy of the finale. *I should have been of the same opinion if I had not had a direct experience of it.*" And then M. Rolland goes on to describe the magnificent effect at the centenary performance of "Fidelio" in Vienna of playing the "Leonora" No. 3 overture after the prison scene.

"Fidelio" is an opera which has not yet received its due measure of appreciation by the present generation. When it is next performed at Covent Garden it is to be hoped that great care will be taken with the cast and with the choruses. The two "Prisoners' Choruses" are the finest choruses ever written for any opera, but they need perfect treatment. It is not a mere technical question of singing the notes, but of singing them with proper understanding and imagination. And the "Leonora" No. 3 overture should in future always be played after the prison scene before the finale. M. Rolland is perfectly correct, in my opinion, in stating that with the love duet at the conclusion of the prison scene the drama ends. "Then there is added to the tragedy the creation that is truly Beethoven—the lyrical conclusion, the universal ode, the symphony ('Leonora' No. 3), and the choral scene. Leonora and Florestan disappear; in the final apotheosis they are nothing more than the coryphees of the People. It is no longer the adventure of a human pair that is being sung: it is Liberty and Love. . . ."

This is well said, and we may all agree when M. Rolland goes on to conclude that the opera "Fidelio" or "Leonora," as he prefers to call it, has had no successors. "The grand and classic humanity of 'Leonora,' that had its roots in the 'Alceste' and 'Orfeo' of Gluck and in certain of Mozart's scenes, remains as the monument of a better Europe of which, on the threshold of the nineteenth century, Goethe and Beethoven had a glimpse, and that a hundred years of subsequent torment have not been able to realise."

It is unfortunately true that Beethoven's opera has only recently begun to be properly understood: "It has been much disparaged. The general opinion rather looks down on it, and the wretched performances the work has had during a whole century have confirmed this verdict. It must be confessed that until our time 'Fidelio' was played in a way that misrepresented it." M. Rolland then goes on to say that, having had the good fortune to hear the centenary performance in Vienna, he must make his *mea culpa* for the previous misunderstanding. To

[Continued overleaf]

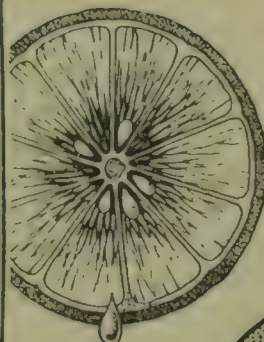


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(Continued.)

me also that centenary performance in Vienna was a revelation, and I can say now, in looking back upon it, that never has any performance of an opera moved me so deeply.

M. Rolland has many excellent things to say in his new book on Beethoven, and which repay the reader who is willing to overlook his occasionally inflated style. As he deals chiefly with the "Eroica"

symphony and the opera "Fidelio," both of which were principal items in the centenary celebration at Vienna in 1927, I feel that these celebrations were probably the immediate cause of his book. This is as it should be, because a critic is most likely to write illuminatingly about great works after a fresh and exceptional experience of them. No one who was present at those centenary performances in Vienna can doubt that the two outstanding events were the performance of the "Eroica" symphony by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, under Felix Weingartner, and the performance at the Opera House of "Fidelio" under Schalk, with Lotte Lehmann as Leonora and Puccini as Florestan. And there must have been many music-lovers present on those two occasions to whom these unique performances came as a new revelation of the genius of Beethoven.

M. Rolland does not throw any fresh light on the subject of Beethoven's life, although he has an interesting theory as to the cause of his deafness, which deserves consideration. There are many mysteries which await solution in Beethoven's history, but all the available material has not even yet been made public. Countess Therese von Brunswick's "Journal Intime" has never been published, and whether it would throw any fresh light upon Beethoven's life is still unknown. M. Rolland says that he was allowed to read the entries for the years 1809-1814; but the journal would have to be published complete without excision before one could judge of its value. W. J. TURNER.

Now that another Royal Academy Exhibition is open to view, a timely interest attaches to the 1929 edition of "The Year's Art," compiled by A. C. R. Carter (Hutchinson; 15s.), especially as this is the fiftieth annual issue of that excellent work of reference. "There is a temptation,"

writes the editor, "to dub it the 'Jubilee' volume of the series. Having completed the compilation, after much labour and stress, I am inclined to the view that the Jubilee connection is that of the liberation of some faithful slave, which used to mark the observance of this ancient festival." Mr. Carter goes on to give an interesting retrospect of the past history of a volume with which he has been associated since 1887, and, for the last forty-two issues of which he has been solely responsible. If it has been an arduous task, he has the satisfaction of knowing that his labours are highly appreciated in the art world, and the book has become more than ever indispensable. This year's volume appears in a taller form, and, besides all its well-known features in the shape of tabulated information and a directory of artists and art workers, contains a number of admirable full-page illustrations. In the words of its sub-title, it presents "a concise epitome of all matters relating to the arts of painting, sculpture, engraving, and architecture, and to schools of design, which occurred during 1928, together with much information respecting events of 1929."



DINING-ROOM PANELLING FROM AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MERCHANT'S HOUSE IN SOHO, WITH SUITABLE FURNITURE: AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF MESSRS. GILL AND REIGATE'S PERIOD ROOMS.

Messrs. Gill and Reigate, Ltd., the well-known furniture firm, have recently moved into new premises at 25-26, George Street, Hanover Square, where a Georgian mansion, with a concert hall, has been adapted to form one of the largest and most up-to-date show-rooms in Mayfair. During their thirty years in Oxford Street, the business grew from small beginnings, and the staff has increased from six (in 1898) to over 200. Besides doing work for the King, and holding the Royal Warrant, Messrs. Gill and Reigate have restored, furnished, and decorated many historic houses, including Chequers Court and Sulgrave Manor. They have supplied panelled rooms and antiques to many museums, such as a fifteenth-century oak room in the Metropolitan Museum at Boston. Altogether they have constructed fourteen panelled rooms, dating from mediæval times to the eighteenth century, and furnished them with authentic and appropriate antiques. A separate department deals with the furnishing of hotels, steamships, and yachts.



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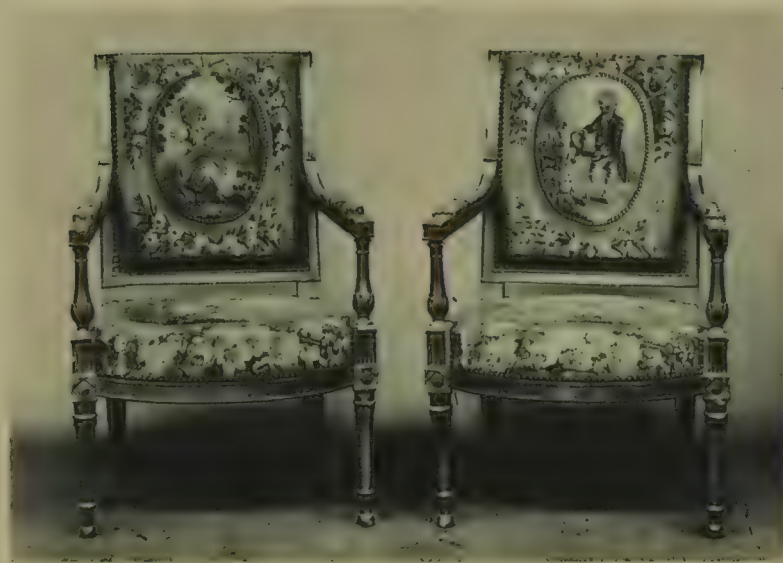


A SUITE OF LOUIS XV. FURNITURE, with gilt frameworks carved with flowers, the seats and backs stuffed and covered with needlework with flowers and ribands in pink and green silk on white ground, consisting of—

A Settee, 5 ft. 9 ins. wide.
 Six Fauteuils.

Removed from The Paley Palace,
 TSARSKOYE SELO,
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Now sold by order of Princess Paley
 and
 The Syndicate.



A SUITE OF LOUIS XVI. FURNITURE, with gilt framework carved with fluting, palm leaves and rosettes, the seats and backs stuffed and covered with Aubusson tapestry, woven with children, subjects from Æsop's Fables, flowers, and borders of pearl ornament on salmon-pink ground, consisting of—

A Settee, 6 ft. 2 ins. wide.
 Eight Fauteuils.

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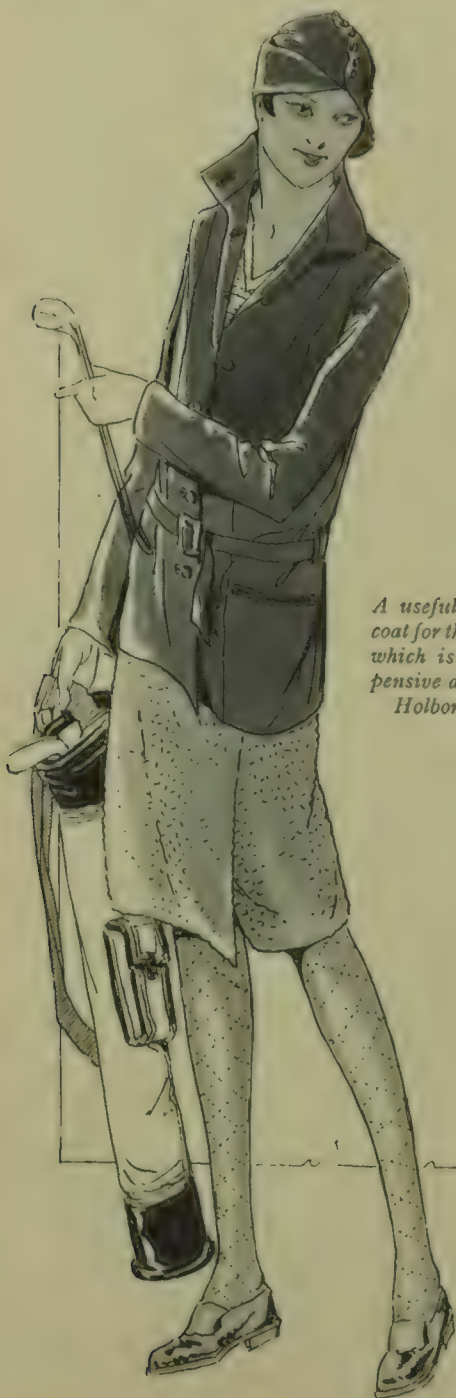
Fashions &

Fancies

The Season's Fashions for Ascot.

At one time Ascot modes were distinguished by being simply more extreme than the toilettes for any other important function.

During the last few years, however, this idea has changed considerably. Now the Ascot fashions are no longer a race apart; they are the season's fantasies made perfect. So this year we have the ensemble again, a frock with either a long or short coat to match, carried out in plain georgette, in chiffon printed with bold designs, or in crêpe-de-Chine printed in very tiny patterns. The more unusual the colourings, the smarter the effect. For instance, one model has a frock with the corsage in black georgette and the skirt a flounce of fine cream-coloured string lace, while the coat reverses this idea and is bordered with the plain black georgette. An Agnes creation is of navy-blue shadow lace over pink and beige-tinted lace, used alternately, forming a pattern showing underneath the transparent blue. Touches of dark blue are greatly in evidence this year, and are undoubtedly striking allied with the lighter colours. Another ensemble, for instance, is of printed chiffon on a light background, hemmed with flounces of dark blue. These are a few of the many lovely Ascot toilettes to be seen in the collection at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W.



A useful suède golf coat for the holidays, which is very inexpensive at Gamages, Holborn, E.C.

Ardent tennis enthusiasts will find Tricoline, of which these frocks are made, an ideal material for dresses which look neat and workmanlike and are really hard wearing, for constant laundering will not mar the silky surface.

A Beautiful Ascot Cloak.

There is a very striking model which is exceedingly smart to be seen at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W. A cloak of beige-coloured ring velvet, so beautifully moulded to the shoulders that it is close-fitting almost to the waist, whence it falls in two long points in front, has a cluster of three lovely flowers posed just at the back of one shoulder. Underneath the cloak is quite a simple crêpe-de-Chine frock—or, rather, apparently so, although close inspection reveals most intricate tucking and pleating. Then there is another dress of ciré lace in a rich shade of tête du negre, the frock boasting a very full flared skirt which is edged with fur. A delicate shade of duck's-egg blue is also very smart this year, and there is a charming ensemble in this nuance with the coat hemmed with light coloured fox and the frock of crêpe-de-Chine in a multitude of tiny tucks, worn with a belt of twisted gold ending in blue leather. A frock of pink chiffon with the skirt decorated with panels of little flounces is delightfully youthful, completed with a coatee in the new lace, which has pastel-tinted flowers introduced here and there on the plain pink background.

Jewellery and Bags.

The season's artificial jewellery is infinitely more interesting this year than when the inevitable ropes of pearls reigned. Now there is colour in necklaces, contrasting usually with the dress. Curiously shaped flat beads almost like buttons are strung ten or twelve together in one colour, then a similar group in gold or another vivid hue, and so on, the entire necklace carrying out perhaps two colours or a dozen. These are usually in the form of chokers. Then, for longer necklaces, there is the one with a single rather thick string at the back, and quite a dozen narrow strands in front, the two parts joined by decorative gold clasps. These are usually fashioned of tiny beads in clear colours, coral being a great favourite. Necklaces are not so long this season, but are more in the old "half-and-half" length, neither a choker nor a long string.

Sports Coats and Jumpers.

Every sports enthusiast needs a good number of short coats and waistcoats which will serve indiscriminately for golf, motoring, and country weekends. A very good place for these, where they are remarkably inexpensive, is the famous sports outfitters, Gamages, Holborn, E.C. From there comes the neat little suède golf jacket on the left of this page, which is available for 4½ guineas in many different colours. With it is a "plus four" tweed skirt, costing 25s. 6d., a very hard-wearing tweed which will last a long while. On the right is a sleeveless cardigan with a beret to match, a most attractive alliance which will give smartness to the oldest frock or skirt. Many attractive colour schemes are available, and the price is 35s. 6d. the two. Another new accessory which makes all the difference in the world to an ordinary tennis frock is a charming little coat of a material looking like silk, in vivid yellow, cherry, green, or white, embroidered with woollen flowers, costing only 12s. 11d. Then for summer

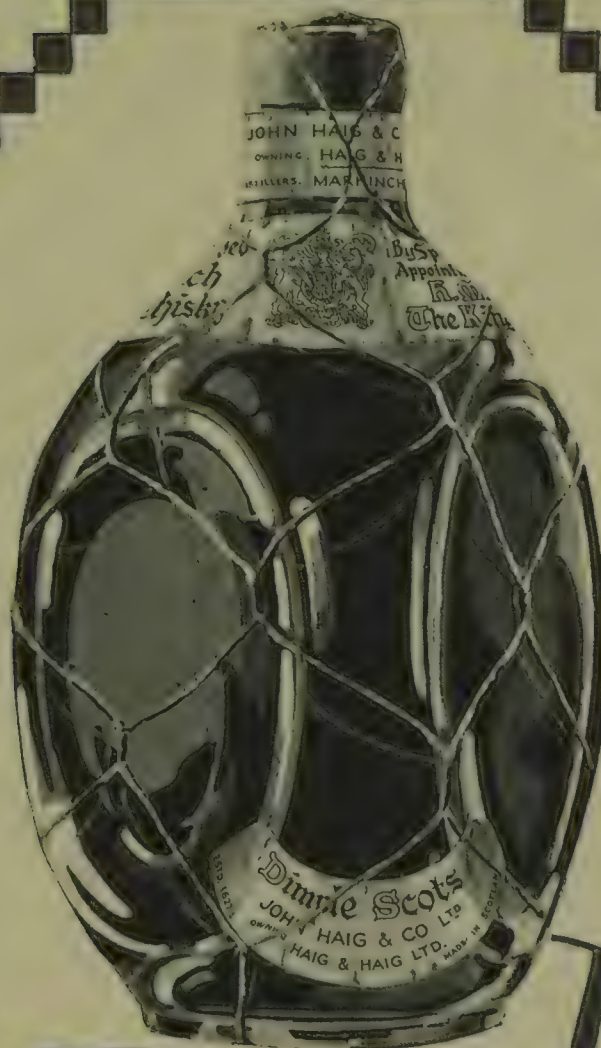
A very attractive addition to the holiday wardrobe is this silk and wool waistcoat, completed with a beret to match. At Gamages,



golf there are skirts of all-wool London-shrunk flannel to be secured for 8s. 11d.

Tennis Frocks for Real Enthusiasts.

There are two distinct types of tennis players—those who like the social life and pleasant amenities which tennis parties provide, and those who really play for the sake of the game. For smartness, neatness, and comfort on the court nothing can better a frock of tricoline, for it is a material heavy enough to tailor and hang well, and also to be worn without a petticoat if the skirt is pleated. In appearance it has a sleek, silky surface which does not spoil with laundering. Tricoline dresses ready made up are obtainable at all the leading stores, or the material may be purchased by the yard in ivory, cream, and white, to be made up into such charming frocks as those above.



Haig *Dimple*

I am the Haig bottle that is famous all over the world because I carry the finest whisky that ever left Scotland.

You have to pay a little extra per bottle above the ordinary price to get me. The reason is because of my wonderful contents. The best things always must cost a little more than the ordinary things, but the best people are always willing to pay that little extra.

This principle applies to horses, dogs, motors, pianos, perfumes, tin-tacks, and trousers.

When your friends see me on your table they know that you are complimenting them to the best of your ability. Tell your Restaurant and Hotel Keeper that you want "Haig"—nothing else will please you quite as well. I am proud to carry the finest stimulating drink in the world.

Haig

WHISKY

THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.

(Continued from Page 904.)

cry to those who would bewail the death of silent pictures. It is a challenge flung by personality and supreme artistry into the clamorous ranks of sound-films and "talkies."

PROGRESS.

"You can't stop progress—and the talkie is progress." Thus, in a recent interview, Miss Mary Pickford, and side-by-side with her in almost identical words, if a trifle more ponderously, Mr. Owen Nares. Is it just a slogan, or is it their well-considered opinion? In the inmost recesses of their minds do they qualify that definite statement of theirs, by inserting the word "mechanical" before the word "progress"? The invention of sound-photography is one of the marvels of the age, and therefore admittedly represents progress. There are other means of sound-synchronisation as well, equally ingenious and equally astounding to the lay mind. I would not attempt to deny that their invention and their development are the result of brains diligently and progressively at work. But these brains have been devoted to the trade of the film-makers rather than to the Art of the Kinema. These brains have probably never regarded cinematography as an art; certainly never bothered about its artistic possibilities. What they have sought, and what they have found, is a new sensation for a sensation-loving public; a new interest to flick up the business of the "flickers." I respect the American film-magnate who, in yet another



METHUSELAH, THE GIANT TORTOISE, ADDRESSES AN OPEN-AIR MEETING: AN ENTERTAINING INCIDENT BEFORE A WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAY CROWD AT THE "ZOO."

Methuselah, the "Zoo's" giant tortoise, amused the Whitsuntide holiday-makers by an unexpected display of agility in an appeal—not for votes—but for something more substantial. In his eagerness, however, he over-reached himself, fell on his back, and had to be turned over again by the keeper, as it were, "back to Methuselah." Describing the new enclosures for these reptiles, in his "Centenary History of the Zoological Gardens" (reviewed on page 918), Dr. Chalmers Mitchell says: "Several of the giant tortoises have learned to beg food from visitors, and take buns, bananas, carrots, and brightly coloured flowers."



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interview—the newspapers, as you know, have bristled with interviews of late—openly confessed that the silent film was no longer bringing in the expected returns, and that fresh blood was needed. "The talkies supplied it." Well, that is a business man's angle, and has to be accepted. No word of progress there, you note. As a matter of fact, sound-synchronisation was ready years ago and, had the fresh blood been needed at that moment, could have been brought quickly enough to the level of efficiency it has reached at present. Perfection still lies far ahead, though I do not doubt its eventual mechanical attainment. But it was not until the film-magnates became dissatisfied with their profits that the shadows suddenly took to themselves voices and spoke in many accents. Is that progress? Is the mechanisation of the orchestra progress? Two West-End kinemas, we are told, have already dismissed their orchestras, and in their place we are offered canned music which, like canned fruit, has neither the aroma nor the freshness of the real thing. The loss of spontaneous and modulated musical accompaniment in the mechanical entertainment of the present-day kinema is not progress, but rather a serious blow to the progress of public taste as well as to the art of the screen.

I think, I hope, that the talking-film will settle down into a form of entertainment by itself. Sound-synchronisation has entertainment values. They have to be acknowledged and, since the talking-picture has come to stay, it behoves the critic to seek and to foster its better qualities. But the artistic progress of the pictures travels the paths of silence, of suggestion, of imagination, of subtlety far removed from the vociferous statements of the talking-films.

The information contained in our issue of May 11, which dealt with certain health and pleasure resorts of the Continent, has aroused so much interest that we are justified in adding the following item of information. At Knocke-Zoute, on the Belgian coast, one can spend not only a summer holiday, but also, if one is so fortunate as to afford the time, an agreeable winter visit. The Golf Hotel, which is almost on the links, makes a special point of catering for winter visitors. It was one of the first hotels to open at Knocke-Zoute, and has recently been very much enlarged and brought into the first-class category, with its accommodation for ninety guests. It offers excellent recreation at a time when other places are in the middle of an "off" season.



BY APPOINTMENT



A BALL ON THE MATCH

The result in doubt till the last putt. Now for luncheon. Lamb cutlets and a long refreshing drink. The world seems a very, very good place. Salt? Certainly—Cerebos—reflecting the good taste of the ideal club.

Cerebos

SALT

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE AUTOCRAT." AT THE KINGSWAY.

THERE is no Puritan so intolerant as your reformed rake, states the proverb; and it is on this hypothesis, apparently, that F. R. and C. H. Pryor, authors of "The Autocrat," would explain the behaviour of the Dowager Lady Ferring, who is the titular character in their play. She is for dealing out the harshest measures towards a peccant daughter-in-law, whose lover is killed on his way to her house. She orders her dull-witted son to bring divorce proceedings, and steals and keeps possession of his wife's love-letters. Then members of her house-party discover in the pages of a diary that old Lady Ferring had had an ugly past, and that her son, Sir Eustace, is really illegitimate. In view of these revelations the "autocrat" stops the divorce suit, and we leave her weeping on a secretary's shoulder. A tame, limping play this, which employs the services of Miss Aida Jenoure (in the title-rôle), Miss Stella Patrick Campbell, Mr. Felix Aylmer, and that bright and clever young actress, Miss Olive Blakeney.

"A CUP OF KINDNESS." AT THE ALDWYCH.

For some years now Londoners have known where to go if they wanted to be sure of seeing a good farce. At the Aldwych, thanks to something more than luck in the policy of Mr. Tom Walls and his fellow manager, there has been a succession of such farces, and the new piece is as good as the best of them. "A Cup of Kindness" comes from the practised hand of Mr. Ben Travers, and it provides capital opportunities to the leading Aldwych comedians, Mr. Ralph Lynn and Mr. Walls himself; never has the contrast in style and physique between this pair been more amusingly exploited. Mr. Lynn here poses as a young bridegroom who is dragged off to Bow Street on his wedding day. Mr. Walls plays the father to this young man—a bibulous old fellow with a knack of saying rude things with an innocent air, and through all the fun is worked out neatly a connecting idea—the sense of superiority felt by one suburban family, the Tutts, over another, the Ramsbothams, into which young Tutt is marrying. From young Tutt's arrest until the close of the play, the fun is fast and furious.

"THE BLACK ACE." AT THE GLOBE.

Melodrama and extravagance of fancy run riot in Dorothy Brandon and Negley Farson's play, "The Black Ace." Herein Mr. Raymond Massey is asked to figure as a negro who, thanks to a professor's serum, becomes white enough to get himself engaged to the daughter of a white cotton-planter in the Southern States of America, but does not remain white long enough to hold his fiancée or escape the attentions of the Ku Klux Klan. At a critical moment he discovers a black patch on his breast and offers himself for lynching at the hands of the mob, but is supposed to avoid their clutches by swimming across a huge river. How any negro, even with whitened skin, could pass for anything else save a blanched negro, the authors do not trouble to explain. Mr. Massey does wonders in the way of virtuosity to try to reconcile us to the impossible, and Miss Mabel Terry Lewis, Mr. Allan Jeayes, and Mr. Kenneth Kent—the last-mentioned giving a neat character-sketch—are also members of a heroic cast.

"MARY ROSE" AGAIN. AT THE HAYMARKET.

"Mary Rose" is with us again, served by what is virtually a new cast; and once again Sir James Barrie's haunting fairy tale is exercising its old magic. Of the original company only Miss Hilda Trevelyan remains to give a picture of the gentle, whimsical Victorian mother, so happy that even our Georgian maidens must vote her a "dear." Associated with her, in the rôle of the heroine's amiable father, is Mr. J. H. Roberts, who could not well be bettered; while the other oldish part, Mr. Amy, gives Mr. Morris Harvey a chance to prove what excellent work a revue artist can do in the "legitimate" vein. Mr. George Curzon strikes cleverly a note of eeriness as well as humour in the character of the ghillie, very helpful to the supernatural side of the story. There remain new hero and new heroine: Mr. Francis Lister, of course, has a double rôle to play: as the Australian soldier come back to visit his haunted old home, he assumes rather too Cockney a tone; but as the young lieutenant who is Mary Rose's lover and husband, he is delightful at every turn. As for Miss Angela Baddeley's Mary Rose, she is in all her scenes of humour and love-making as winsome and appealing a heroine as could be desired; if she has not

quite the ethereal look that Miss Fay Compton had—and that is wanted in the epilogue—and so hardly makes a frail enough ghost, she catches the Barrie intention in every other respect. A revival, this, that should not be missed!

Those interested in the art of medal-designing will be glad to know that there has just been formed in Paris an association called the Salon International de la Médaille, to encourage this particular form of art by periodic exhibitions, and the first of these will be held in Paris on June 15. The association consists of home members, corresponding members, and honorary members, and the annual subscription for the first two classes is twenty francs. Corresponding members may be either of French or foreign nationality. The President is M. Pol Neveux, President of the society known as Les Amis de la Médaille. The Secretary is M. F. Mazerolle, honorary custodian of the Musée de la Monnaie. Foreign work intended for the June exhibition should be sent to the offices of the Association at 11, Quai de Conti, Paris.

The Minister of Health, speaking in the House of Commons recently, said: "For who knows which of us will not presently require the treatment which is going to be made available by this substance (radium). Who of us would not, in that case, be prepared to find any sum within his means to escape the anguish, the torture, and the possible death which might thereafter follow?" The Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, has the necessary facilities and expert staff to employ a much-increased supply of radium to good advantage. The Committee are making an urgent appeal for help to enlarge and improve the accommodation for treatment of cases with radium and X-rays, and for the provision of private wards where skilled medical and nursing services can be obtained by patients who can contribute towards their cost. Poor patients will still be admitted to the Cancer Hospital (Free) without letters or payment. Donations and subscriptions, large or small, will all be gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary, the Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, London, S.W.3.

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Hamptons' No. B.5636. A modern Bedroom Suite in silver-grey Oak with the mouldings picked out in colour. Comprising 4 ft. 0 in. Hanging Wardrobe; 3 ft. 6 in. Kneehole Dressing Table with shaped frameless mirrors; 2 ft. 9 in. Chest Cupboard; two cane-seated Chairs. Complete for **£59 10 0**

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 .. Chest Cupboard **18 0 0** Two Chairs, each **1 17 6**
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The Spirit of his Ancestors

It was just such whisky as that we had—warm in its colour, velvety on your tongue—when I, wi' the trustiest of my father's men, lay in the heather and watched the English armies tramping endlessly up the great north road. It was just such whisky as that which took the sting out of the driving sleet and made every clansman worth ten English hired soldiers! For all the life of ripened barley was in it, and the distinct yet gentle fragrance of the peat fire that made it. We treasured them in the whisky of our day. You find them still—in Dewar's.

MARINE CARAVANNING.—XXXIII.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPTON.

THOUGH it is universally agreed that electric light is the ideal system both ashore and afloat, it is looked on by many owners of small vessels as too expensive initially. This is a common fallacy, for there are three ways in which it can be employed, with one to suit every pocket. The cheapest form of electric light is to carry a battery to sea which has been charged up on shore. The first cost amounts to that of the battery, a few short lengths of wire, and some lamp-holders and globes of the car-lighting type. Its chief drawback lies in the necessity for "charging up" periodically from an outside source. Provided a large battery is employed, however, this operation need not be frequent in a small vessel, where only a few lights are required.

The next in order of first cost is very popular in boats up to forty feet long; it is standard motor-car practice, in which a dynamo on the engine charges up a battery. It appears at first sight to be both the obvious and the ideal; but, as boats are not cars, this is not quite the case. In a vessel which is constantly under way it is highly satisfactory, for, as in a car, the battery can be "on charge" frequently whilst the engine is running; but these conditions do not exist in many pleasure craft in practice. Long periods are spent in harbour, and many hours in which the lights are "on" must be provided for, which make heavy demands on the battery. If it becomes exhausted, as it often does, the engine must be started up for "charging" purposes only, which not only disturbs the peace of the whole ship, but is uneconomical as well.

The separate generating set is the best in every way, but, like many good things, it costs more; it saves, however, in the long run. Midget sets which are by no means toys, such as the $\frac{1}{2}$ -b.h.p. Stuart Turner, can be

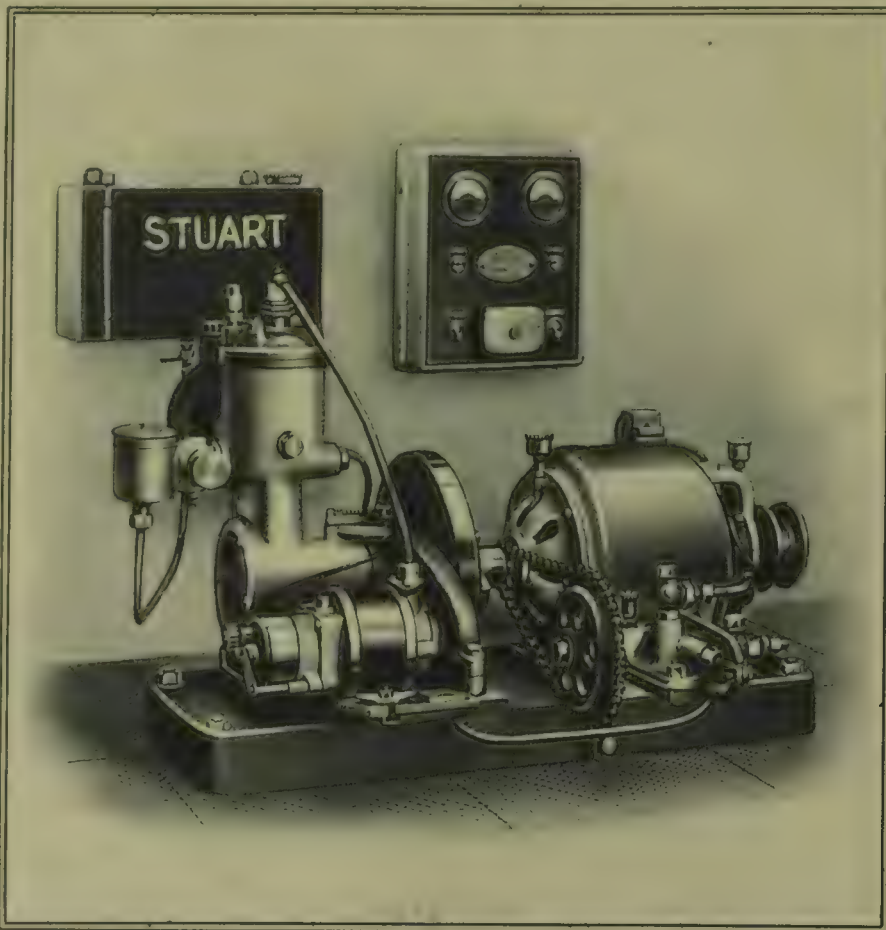
obtained for under £50 complete with battery and switchboard. These sets are designed for hard work, and, I understand, are extensively used by the Post Office in connection with the telephone service, so have proved their worth. As lighting sets they will light ten lamps consuming thirty-nine watts

highly of it. Most of the makers of small generating plants will supply any sort of battery other than their standard type, and it is well to bear this fact in mind, for there are two distinct sorts, which vary considerably both in price and upkeep.

Batteries are frequently described as the curse of any electrical system which includes them, but they need not be so. It is true that lead batteries require attention from time to time; but if the nickel type is employed the need for attention almost vanishes. The high price of this type is its chief drawback; but, as it has a limitless life compared with the lead variety, it is cheaper in the long run. For use in boats, especially in the hands of the unskilled, the nickel battery has no competitor, for, though each individual cell does not "give off" as much as one of the lead type, it excels it in every other way. These batteries may be left in a discharged state for years without damage; they do not sulphate, the plates do not buckle, and they do not require to be washed out periodically. They cannot be charged or discharged at a rate which is too high, and, as they contain no acid, any metal in their vicinity is not affected by corrosion.

In well-arranged vessels all heavy weights should be as low down as possible, in order to take the place of ballast; in this position they serve a double purpose. Batteries are ideal for this use, but, by reason of their delicacy and the acid they contain, the lead type are not very suitable compared with the nickel type for installation under the floorboards or saloon settees. I differ from many owners over batteries in that I favour very large ones with a high voltage even in small craft; whilst in larger vessels, with separate generating sets, where it is usual to employ electricity for other purposes in addition to

lighting, the demand for current has a way of increasing which ever outstrips the supply, so I advise larger batteries than appear to be wanted.



THE STUART TURNER 120-WATT ELECTRIC GENERATING SET FOR CABIN-CRUISERS:
A TYPE OF OUTFIT DESIGNED ALSO TO OPERATE BILGE OR WATER PUMPS.

for seven hours daily, and will run for twelve hours on one gallon of petrol. I am the fortunate possessor of a set made by this firm, and cannot speak too



WHAT a boon it is to know that your tennis frock is not only a delight to the eye, but is a practical help to your play. "TRICOLINE" is a most durable and silky fabric—smart and clean-wearing, and can be washed over and over again without losing its charm. The Genuine Material bears the name "Tricoline" on the selvage. Genuine "Tricoline" garments have "Tricoline" tab affixed.

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The equal to Silk.

"TRICOLINE" can be obtained by the yard and in garments ready to wear from leading Drapers and Stores throughout the country. If any difficulty, please write the Manufacturers, 40, Tricoline House, Watling St., London, E.C.4.

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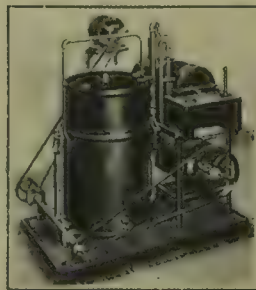
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CORRECT SOLUTION OF GAME PROBLEM XXIII. from F N Braund
(Ware).

FROM THE "WASHINGTON POST."

The lively game appended might have been played to the strains of Sousa's famous march. The winner will be remembered as captain of the American team in the Insult Trophy Competition, in which one of the English tellers jeopardised our victory by a flaw in transmission. Our game was adjudged by Marshall to be the best played in the Pennsylvania State Championship, and received the second brilliancy prize, though the winner stoutly protested that "no brilliancy was used, just solid chess." Our contemporary classifies it as "the English Opening," but it is about as English as London in June.

WHITE	BLACK	WHITE	BLACK
(Mr. Norman T. Whitaker.)	(Mr. S. T. Sharp.)	(Mr. Norman T. Whitaker.)	(Mr. S. T. Sharp.)
1. P QB4	1. Q B3	17. Q x Pch	17. Kt Q ?
2. P KKt3	2. Q4	18. B Kt5	18. P B3
3. B Kt2	3. P K4	19. R x B	19. Q x R
		20. R Kt	20. Q x R
		21. Kt x Q	21. P x B
Mr. Sharp is a great American authority on the openings, but there is a little too much of J. P. Sousa about this.		Black does not look quite dead, but the pinned Kt decides the issue. White threatens to win it by "halma" methods—Kt Q3—K5—Q7!	
4. P x P	4. P x P	22. Kt Q3	22. Castles (QR)
5. Q Kt3	5. Kt B3	23. Kt K4!	
6. Kt QB3	6. P K5	Threatening 24. QB6ch, KKt7; 25. Kt R6mate.	
And now it becomes definitely jazz.		24. P QR4	24. Kt Ktr R Q2
7. P Q3	7. P x P	Black makes a desperate effort to bring up the reserves before the advance of the R! seals his fate.	
8. P x P		25. QB5ch	25. KKt2
The winner thinks Kt x P or B Kt5 better, but he manages pretty well with this.		26. P R5	26. KR Q1
8. P Q5	8. Kt B3	27. P R6ch	27. KR7
9. QR4ch		28. Q K5!	
Much better is 9. — B Q2, and if 10. Q x P, then Kt QB3.		Black should have resigned now, in view of the deadly check on the diagonal. The tune changes to "John Brown's Body."	
10. Kt Kt5	10. B Kt5ch	28. Kt B3	
11. K B1	11. B Kt4	29. Kt x Kt	29. P Q6
12. B x Ktch	12. P x B	30. Kt R	30. P Q6
13. Q x B	13. B x Pch	31. Kt B6	31. Resigns.
14. K Kt2	14. P x Kt		
Possibly Black's original intention was B x Kt, but then 15. Kt B3 leaves him defenceless.			
15. Kt B3	15. Q K2		
16. R Kt	16. B K5		
Now the martial music modulates into the minor.		Muffled drums accompany an Elegy in the key of one Sharp.	

discovered in Honan, China. In Fig. 12 the combination of triangles recalls, to a certain degree, a *swastika*. On certain sherds the resemblance to the *swastika* is much more pronounced. In Persepolis there is a great variety of such combinations, whereas in Susa I. and in Samarra we find only the simple *swastika* and the cross formed by four triangles. These two symbols, so typical of the pottery of those places, are, therefore, simply the selected survivors of the multitude of variants of the older style of Persepolis.

A goblet, Fig. 14, of the same shape as the black stone vase, is decorated with vertical waving lines, between which appear eagles, with wings spread, in a frontal view. These are the forerunners of the heraldic eagles, the arms of the oldest Sumerian and Elamite towns, an emblem frequently found on the pottery of Susa II. Of other animals, the ibex and the moufflon are in great favour, rendered in an abstract style, in three varieties, of which, once more, the classical form used in Susa I. is the selected survival. We have seen that the ornaments are pseudo-geometric and symbolic; but not only that: they are surely associated with magic. On no piece does the magic character become so evident as on the bowl in Fig. 13. Between a combination of triangles with waving outlines, a sort of link between the real triangles and the scales or battlements, there appear three demons, with a human body and bird-like head—unless it be a very primitive attempt to render the human head—and raised arms, large hands or paws: in spite of its complete simplicity a design of an extraordinary power of expression.

A closer study of the rich material reveals clearly the fact that the Neolithic civilisation of Persopolis is the prototype and source of the very first civilisation of Susa. And the answer to our question raised in the beginning is: The oldest civilisation of Elam was not created in that land, but on the Iranian plateau, and was brought to Susa already in an advanced stage of development. The Neolithic civilisation of Iran is prior to anything so far known in the Near East.

PROBLEM No. 4049.—BY T. C. EVANS (CLAPHAM).
BLACK (9 pieces).



WHITE (7 pieces).

In Forsyth Notation: krs_4K ; brP_3pb ; $6p_1$; $2B_4s$; $7p$; $5R_2$;
 PQ_6 ; r_4B_2 .]

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NOS. 4044 and 4045 received from J M K Lupton (Richmond)—delayed in the post; of No. 4046 from

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IN SEARCH OF THE SUN.

QUITE a large number of books have been written of motoring tours in search of the sun. That is easily understood, for warm weather and motoring go well together. The latest of these trips has been chronicled by an owner of a Morris Minor. Small cars to-day can carry you anywhere, so that we who know them are not the slightest bit surprised to learn that this little Morris car journeyed in mid-winter from Oxford to the Riviera and back again in only a week and a day. That evidently was the length of time available to the writer of this holiday trip. Morris Motors, Ltd., of Cowley, Oxfordshire, have published this booklet, which is full of interesting news and illustrations. The journey seems to have been completed in high comfort and at a ridiculously low cost, as the Morris Minor travelled fifty miles to the gallon of petrol and fifteen hundred miles to the gallon of oil. Twice eight hundred miles, which was the length of the journey there and back, represented only thirty-two gallons of petrol. Even at the slightly dearer price paid for it in France, this was cheap travelling. Taking the car over to France only cost £2 there and £2 back. I will not describe the places visited, as a postcard to the Morris people will bring this booklet to you free of charge.

The Question of Insurance.

Another booklet which has reached me this week is a useful compendium of car prices, car details, and insurance premiums of all the 1929 models. It is issued by the Scottish Automobile and General Insurance Company, Ltd. This is another bonus production, as the inquirer writing to Glasgow, the head office, or to London, or any of the other branch offices, will have it sent to him on demand. Until I had it in my hands I had no idea what a large variety of premiums there are for so many makes of cars. This booklet includes them all, from the cost of an A.B.C. two-cylinder air-cooled engine car to the yearly premium of the largest Wolseley, the eight-cylinder 32-80-h.p. model—all arranged in alphabetical order. Under the heading of each make is the list of models, and their prices; and I notice that the premium is the same whether one buys a saloon, cabriolet, or a two-seater of the same model. This saves a lot of worry,

and the prices seem to be quite reasonable. When I say prices, of course, I mean premiums paid annually. These are the costs for what is termed the "Club" policy, which owes its original details to the Royal Scottish Automobile Club, so really is full cover for practically every loss one can think of. Insurance of sports models, I see, costs no more in premium than ordinary tourers of the same make and engine capacity; so evidently the Scottish Automobile and General Insurance Company, Ltd., think that they are no worse risks and that their drivers are equally careful—which is only what they should be.

Miss de Havilland Tours the World.

No one in search of the sun would fail to take out a policy of insurance on his car, whether it be winter or summer. Touring means garaging in many places, and therefore incurring many risks of slight damage in the shape of buckled wings, scratched panels, and suchlike minor injuries, which annoy most owners more than a really bad smash. However, let us hope my fellow motorists will escape such casualties in their summer meanderings this season. Fashion fortunately helps them to see as much of the sun as possible, as, though I notice that the latest Ministry of Transport return informs us that practically seventy to eighty per cent. of the new cars purchased are saloons, a very large number of them have removable heads or tops. These, of course, permit the users to transform them into open cars at will, with little effort. Talking of saloons, by the way, reminds me that Miss Gladys de Havilland, the sister of the well-known aeronautical engineer and pilot, has successfully completed a tour right round the world on an Austin "Seven." She started off with a lady friend, but unfortunately the latter became ill, so that more than halfway Miss de Havilland was entirely by herself. She left England in October and went right across America, where she had to put up with a good many witticisms on account of the miniature appearance of her carriage. Colorado, although picturesque, was no picnic for the driver, as the roads were covered with ice and snow. She had to drive up the famous Ratón Pass (7800 feet above the sea) under these conditions. However, Hollywood and San Francisco, with its sunny climate, made up for the ice and cold. From San Francisco the car was shipped to New Zealand. Miss de Havilland is very enthusiastic over that country, and she told me they gave her a right royal time.

Nearly every town chose a delightful way of bidding her welcome by turning out its Austin "Sevens" to form a guard of honour. As a bit of trade information, she told me there were more Austins than any other car in that part of the world, as far as British-made motors were concerned, and that it was actually the third in popularity in Australasia to-day. Travelling right across Australia to Fremantle, and thence to India, she shipped to Venice, motoring from there across Europe. Sir Herbert Austin officially welcomed her in London on May 9, when a distinguished gathering of motoring folk were present to congratulate her on her splendid achievement. She is the first lady to perform the feat without companionship.

Easy-Running Family Saloon.

The double twelve hours' motor race at Brooklands recently clearly demonstrated to the motoring public that our standard cars are wonderfully "quick," as Sir Henry Segrave calls them. Lately I had a run with the new 21-60-h.p. Wolseley, a three-litre six-cylinder, which has an excellent top-gear performance, and at the same time pulls well up hill or down dale. This is one of the 1929 models, and so no one could tell me anything about it. Folks who ride in this Wolseley will find there are no prejudices to overcome, as it has very roomy coachwork, a transmission brake behind the gear-box, and a nice robust chassis which will stand all the hammering even the roughest driver could give it, without being sick or sorry. "Safety First" is our maxim every day, and that is provided for in this 21-60-h.p. Wolseley saloon by means of Lockheed hydraulic brakes and light steering control. Both these require no muscular effort to operate, which will make this car a favourite with lady drivers. Hydraulic brakes, of course, adjust themselves to altering conditions without any creeping round the car by a mechanic or the driver himself to loosen that nut or tighten another. Gear-changing is easy, and one usually starts in second, gets into third at about between twenty and twenty-five miles an hour, thence into top for the rest of the journey. If one wants to be very highly accelerated, one can take hills on third speed at forty-five miles an hour, and the engine still has a little bit in reserve. Moreover, it runs smoothly at all speeds. It can be thoroughly recommended as a comfortable family carriage, as the suspension is well balanced.

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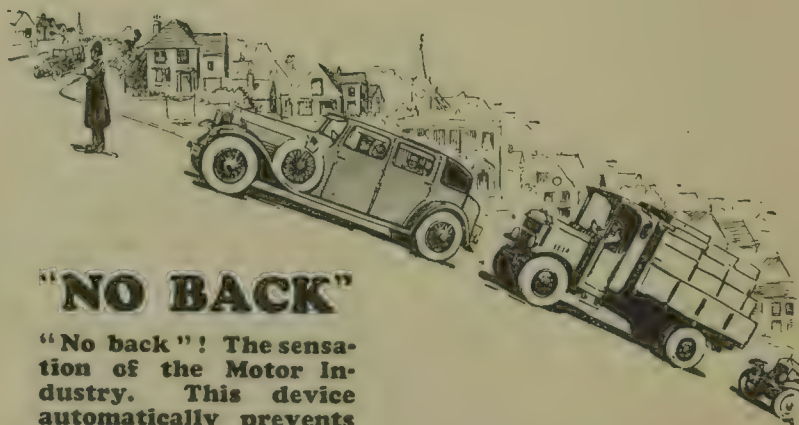
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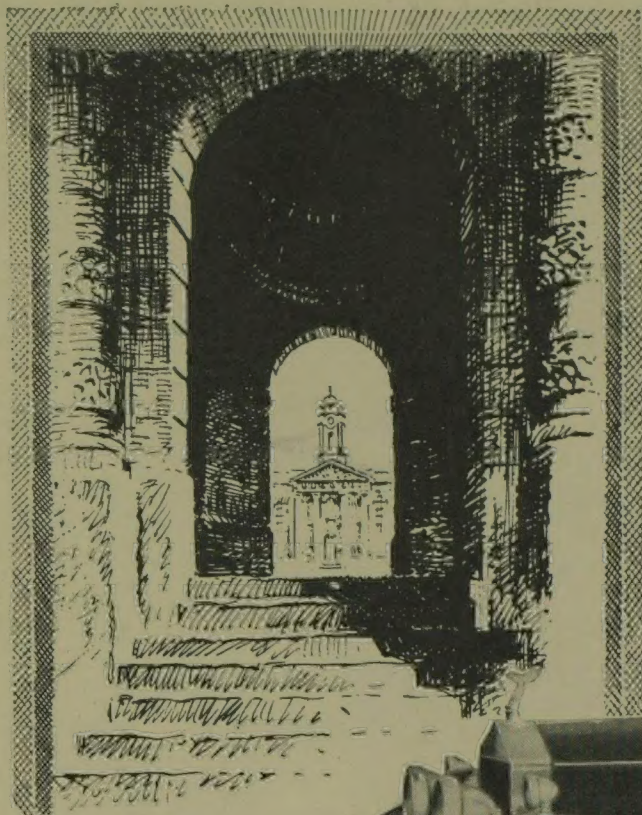
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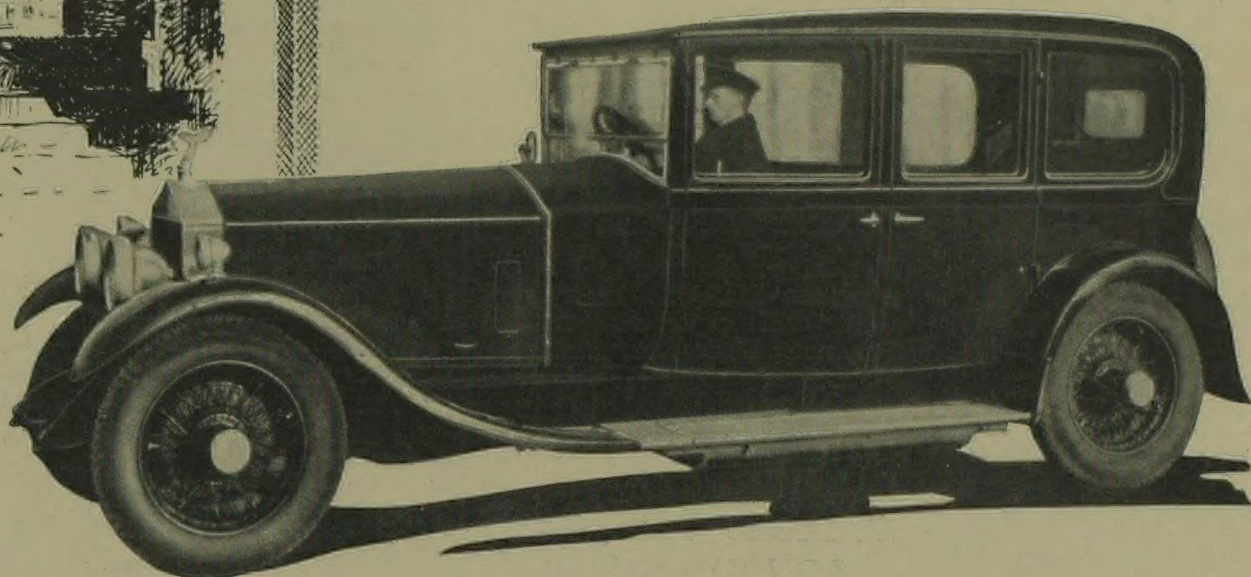
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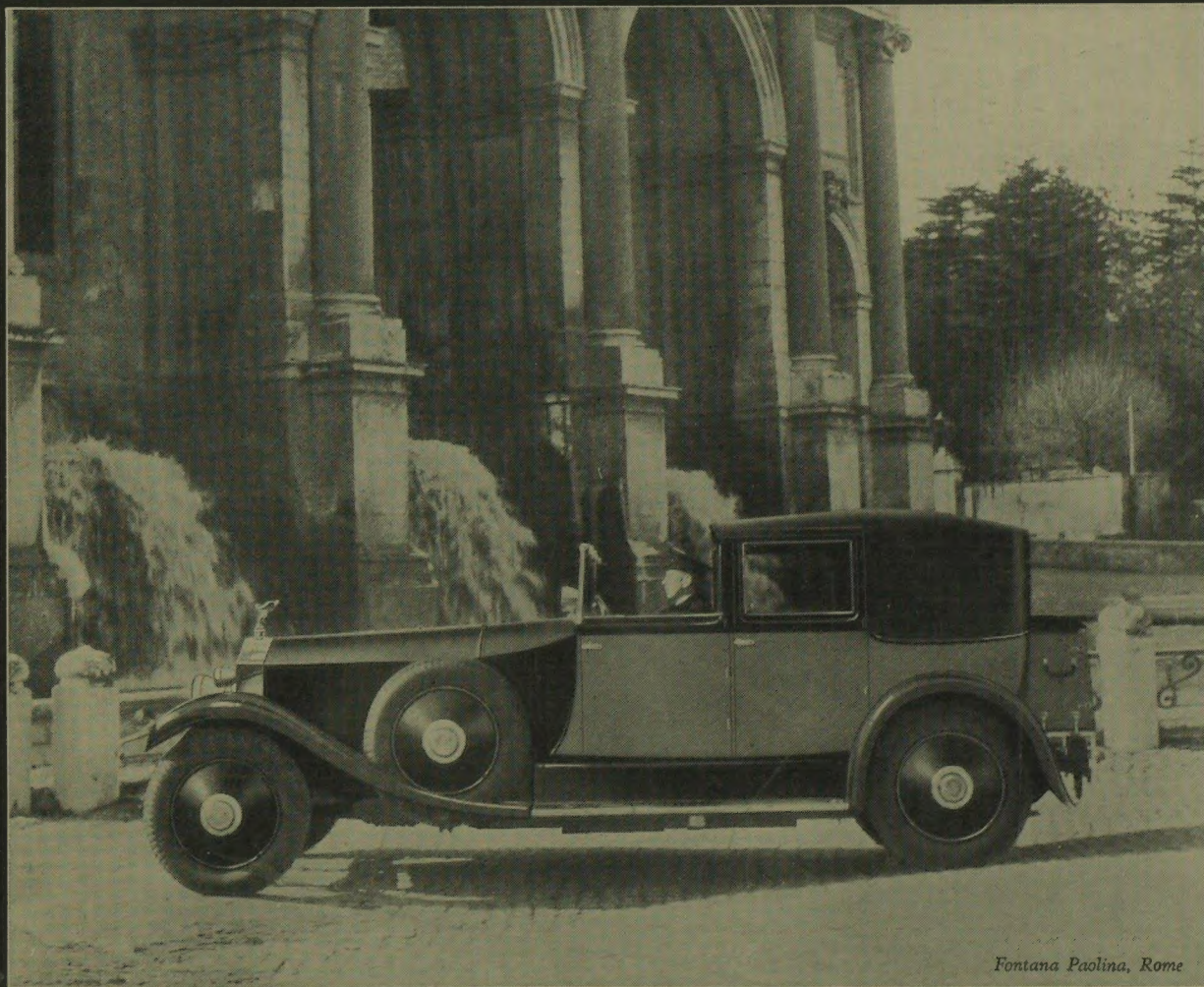
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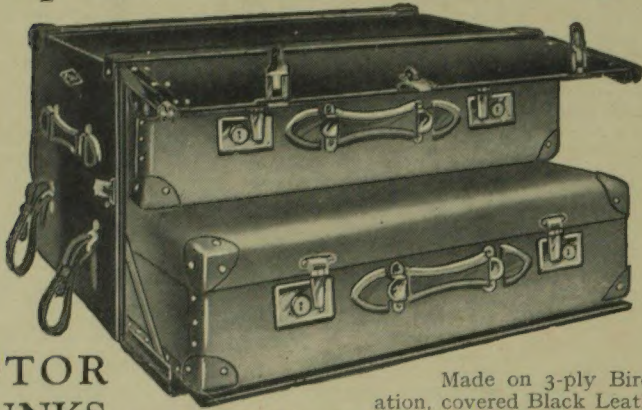
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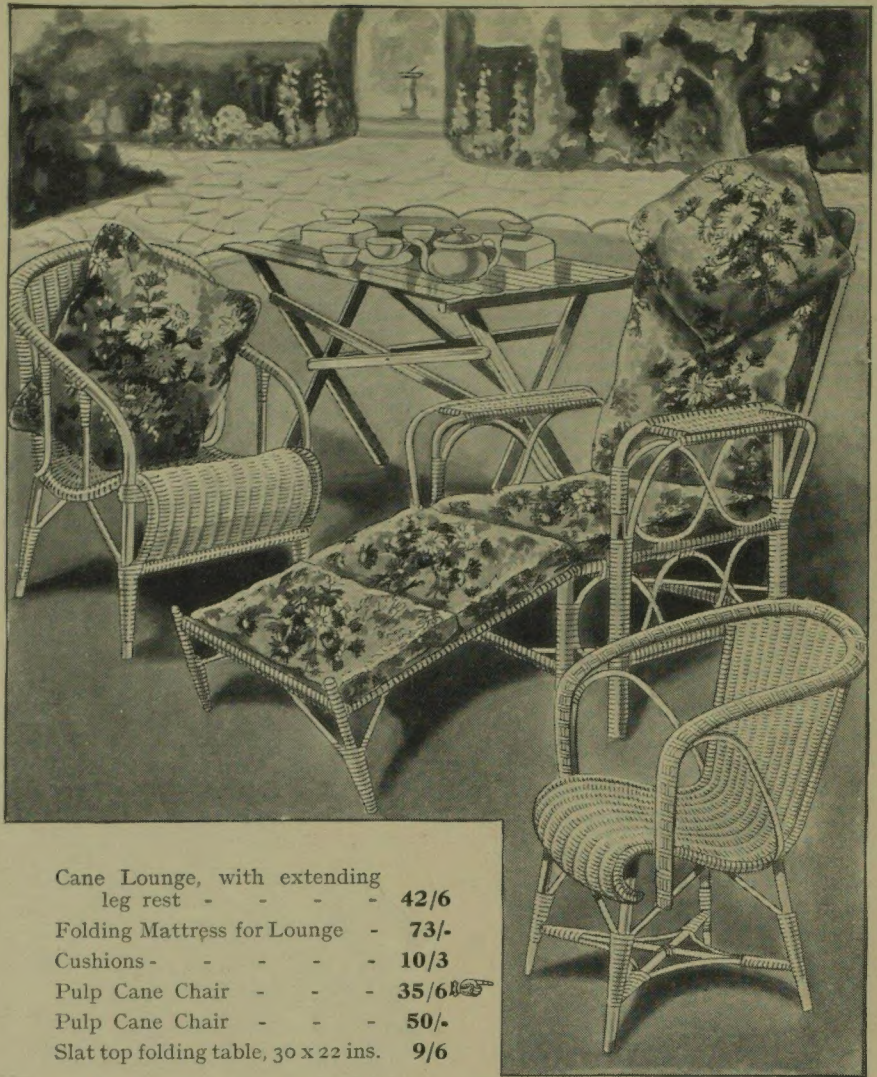
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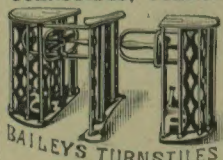
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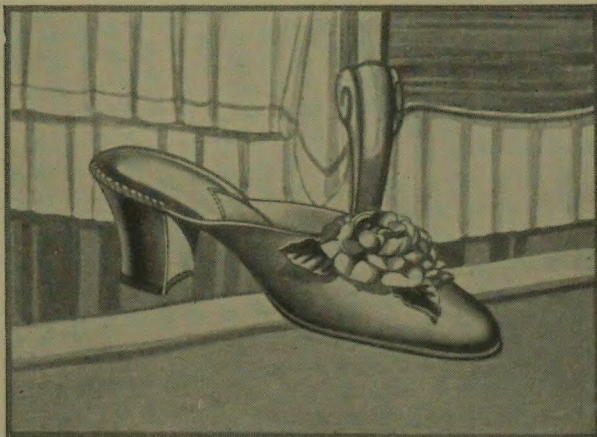
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